

The Daily Mirror.

No. 53.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

MONDAY JANUARY 4, 1904.

One Penny.

HENRY GLAVE'S

TEN DAYS' GREAT

WINTER SALE

THIS DAY,

MONDAY, JANUARY 4th,

AND FOLLOWING DAYS.

LARGE and LIBERAL REDUCTIONS in all our Various
Departments.EXCEPTIONAL BARGAINS
OFFERED INCostumes, Mantles, Millinery,
Household Linens, CurtainsEXCEPTIONAL BARGAINS
INSilks, Dresses, Velvets, Laces,
Ribbons, Hosiery, Gloves, Boots,
Trimmings, Underclothing, Furs.

Remnants, Thursday, Jan. 7.

Remnants, Thursday, Jan. 14.

All Goods Marked in Plain Figures. Catalogues Post Free.

HENRY GLAVE,
80-100, New Oxford Street.

DEBENHAM & FREEBODY. Stocktaking Sale,

Commencing TO-DAY.

FURS.

Sale Price.

SEALSKIN COATS, sacque shape; £ s. d.
original price, £48 10s. 40 0 0
LUSTROUS CARACUL KID
BLOUSES; original price, £9 9s. 6 6 0
NATURAL MINK RUSSIAN
COATS, with 20in. basque; original
price, £75 65 0 0
MOLESKIN COATS, sacque shape;
original price, £35 27 10 0
DRIVING OR MOTOR COATS,
lined grey and white squirrel, with
fur collars; original price, £12 12s. 9 19 6
SHADED CANADIAN SABLE
STOLES; original price, £22 16 16 0
MOLESKIN STOLES, long, new
shape, extra fine skins; original
price, £12 12s. 8 10 0

COSTUMES.

MODEL DAY AND EVENING
GOWNS, also Opera Cloaks, made
by the best Paris and Vienna cos-
tumiers **Less than Half Cost Price**
BLACK CLOTH AND CANVAS
SKIRTS, with material for bodice,
various new shapes, lined with silk;
original price, 75/6 to 94/6 49/6
SPECIAL PURCHASE OF 160
BLACK VOILE SKIRTS, in four
designs, tucked and goffered, all
made for the coming season in new
spring shapes, lined with silk;
original price, 63/- 29/6

COATS and SKIRTS.

COATS AND SKIRTS, English
tailor made, in tweeds; coats lined
silkette; original price, 45/- 15/-
COATS AND SKIRTS, English
tailor made, in tweeds and cloths,
some trimmed velvet and braid.
coats lined silk; original price, 52/6
to 69/3 29/6

Sale Price.

COATS AND SKIRTS, English
tailor made, serges and cloths,
various shapes; coats lined silk,
skirts lined linenette; original
price, 73/6 to 94/6 49/6
MODEL COATS AND SKIRTS, in-
cluding a variety of the latest models
from Paris, Berlin, and Vienna, in
new tweeds and box cloths; original
price, 136/- to 198/6 98/6

SHIRTS and BLOUSES.

SPECIAL PURCHASE OF 100
CREPE DE CHINE SLIPS, rich
quality, in cream and every colour,
daintily trimmed with écu lace
motifs; perfectly fresh; original
price 45/6 to 126/- 25/6 to 39/3
300 FLANNEL SHIRTS AND
SLIPS, in 12 different styles, in a
great variety of colours, made in our
own workrooms; original price, 11/6
to 14/6 6/11

ROBES.

95 FRENCH CLOTH ROBES, in
hopsack, cheviot, zibeline, etc., best
quality, excellent cut, with bodice
piece complete, some daintily
trimmed; unmade; original price,
42/- to 126/- 19/6 to 63/-

FEATHER STOLES.

FASHIONABLE FEATHER
STOLES, in natural, black, and
seal brown, 2½ yards long, 4 strands;
original price, 16/6 12/9
FASHIONABLE FEATHER
STOLE, in natural, black, and seal
brown, 2½ yards long, 4 or 5 strands;
original price, 21/- 17/9

DEBENHAM & FREEBODY,

Wigmore Street, London, W.



WINTER CLEARANCE SALE,

COMMENCING TO-DAY.

By Appointment to
H.M. THE KING.By Appointment to
H.M. THE QUEEN.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

PREVIOUS TO STOCK-TAKING we beg to offer our numerous
customers the full advantage of the following goods at prices
REGARDLESS OF COST, to enable us to prepare for the
SPRING NOVELTIES.

COSTUME DEPARTMENT.

COATS AND SKIRTS.—In various tweeds, zibeline and plain
cloths
Fancy Boleros and Skirts, copies of Paris models
GOWNS.—Model Gowns, principally exclusive designs.
Evening Gowns in the greatest variety of styles and materials
Entire Stock of Indoor Gowns, to be cleared regardless of cost
SKIRTS.—Black and Coloured Skirts, including material for
Bodice, in voile, cloth, etc.
200 Walking Skirts in black, navy, and fancy tweeds, lined linen
Peau de Soie, Glacé, Satin and Bengaline Skirts, trimmed
lace, etc.
Evening Skirts in Point d'Esprit and Russian net, trimmed
ribbon
Sequin, Crêpe de Chine and Lace Skirts, including material for
bodice.

Usual Price.	SALE PRICE.
2½ to 3½gs.	39/6 49/6
5 to 9gs.	39/6 to 5½gs.
18 to 50gs.	6½ to 18gs.
4½ to 17gs.	3½ to 10gs.
4gs. to 13gs.	39/6 to 6gs.
2gs. to 5½gs.	29/6 to 3½gs.
21/9	14/11
3½gs.	49/6
to 5gs.	to 4gs.
27/6	16/11
4½gs.	3gs. to
8gs.	5gs.

MANTLE DEPARTMENT.

COATS.—Tweed Coats, reversible cloths, in many mixed
colourings
Black and Coloured Coats, in faced cloths, braided, trimmed
fur, &c.
OPERAS.—Special line of Opera Capes, in cream and light
shades, lined and quilted silk, trimmed white fur
Long Coats and Cloaks, in light and dark colours, lined silk,
trimmed fur, lace, &c.
Matinée Coats, in all shades of cloths, lined silk
Opera Coats and Cloaks in brocades, satins, lace, &c., including
Paris Models
FUR COATS.—In China Kid, Persian Paw, Seal, Sable Musquash,
and Imitation Moleskin
Motor Coats in Russian Pony, Opossum, Greenland Seal, Rein-
deer, etc.

Usual Price.	SALE PRICE.
21/- 25/- 31/6	all at 12/11
1½gs. to 4gs.	21/- to 49/6
29/6	18/9
55/- and 3½gs.	A¹ at 42/-
{ 3½gs. to	all at
{ 5gs.	59/6
{ 8gs. to	5gs. to
{ 17gs.	10gs.
3½gs. to 12gs.	49/6 to 7½gs.
11gs. to 20gs.	7½gs. to 14gs.

SWAN & EDGAR'S SALE CATALOGUE Continued from Page 1.

SILK DEPARTMENT.		Usual Price.	SALE PRICE.
SILK ROBE. —New Black Silk Robe; the skirt is shaped and seamed, and includes silk for bodice, in crepe de Chine, peau de soie, satin merveilleux.		worth 3gs.	45/9
BLACK SATINS. —Special purchase (20 pieces only), rich quality, wear guaranteed. These satins are specially recommended.		4/6	2/11½
Black Glacé Silk, 23in. wide, splendid value for foundations, etc.		2/6½	1/9
BLOUSE SILKS. —Fancy Silks, in light and dark shades, white ground Chine silk		2/- to 3/-	1/6½
Embroidered Blouse Lengths, in boxes suitable for presents, front, collar, and cuffs handsomely embroidered with plain silk to complete, all shades		—	complete
New Accordion-pleated Robe, in crepe Japanese silk		—	8/11
Ditto, in crepe de Chine		—	40/6
CREPE DE CHINE. —Crepe de Chine, 21in. wide, sky, pink, turquoise, gold, helio, ivory, nil, navy, and black		2/-	1/3½
EVENING SILKS AND SATINS. —Oriental Satins, in all shades, also black, white, and cream, 21in. wide (all silk)		2/6	1/6½
Handsome Evening Brocades, for opera mantles, dinner gowns, etc., rich goods, in various colours		5/- to 7/-	3/11½
DRESS MATERIAL DEPARTMENT.			
COLOURED AND BLACK DRESS FABRICS. —The following are only a few of the wonderful bargains to be found in this Department:—			
LOT 1. —2,000 yds. of coloured all-wool Satin Cheviot and Flaked Zibeline Tweeds (all this season's goods), double width		2/6 and 3/6	1/0½
LOT 2. —1,500 yds. of coloured Silk Knop Flaked Tweeds, Zibeline Vicunas, Suitings, Hopsacs, Cheviots, Flannel Suitings, etc., double width		4/- to 6/-	1/6½
LOT 3. —3,000 yds. of coloured high-class Fabrics, consisting of Fancy Hopsacs, Silk and Wool Kryles, Silk Knop Tweeds, Silky Bison Cloths, fine Amazon Cloths, &c., double width		5/- to 8/-	1/11 & 2/11½
LOT 4. —800 yds. of black fancy Fabrics, various designs and makes, double width		4/- to 5/-	1/6½
LOT 5. —Special purchase. 1,500 yds. of Black Fancy Stripe, Check, and Knop Vicognes and Vicunas (this season's fashion), double width		5/- to 6/-	2/6½
LOT 6. —2,000 yds. of Black Silk and Wool Fancy Fabrics, consisting of Silk Repps, Silk Stripe and Check Grenadines, Silk Eoliennes, Barage, and other high-class novelties, double width		6/- to 10/-	1/11½ & 2/11½
Special clearance of 250 of the "Marvel" Robe, easily fitted to any figure, actual value		39/6	15/11
Exceptional value. Special purchase of 120 of the "Triumph" Robe, in extra quality all-wool Venetian Amazon Cloth, in all colours and black, guaranteed unspotable, easily fitted to any figure; actual value		40/6	29/6
LADIES' OUTFITTING.			
LOT 1. —Corset, blue and white broche, straight-fronted, waist measures, 19in. to 26in.		—	6/11
LOT 2. —Corset, blue, pink, white, or black batiste, straight-fronted, waist measures, 18in. to 26in.		12/9	10/9
LOT 3. —Moirette Underskirt, black, cream, emerald, navy, brown, red, heliotrope, grey and turquoise		—	12/11
LOT 4. —43 only, French Cambric Dressing-Gowns, white ground, with pink or blue design, and trimmed lace		29/6	15/11
LOT 5. —Nightgown, in flannelette, trimmed embroidery, pink or white		4/11	3/11
Ditto in out size		5/11	4/11
LOT 6. —Bodice in Woven Cashmere Wool, with lace yoke and long sleeves		—	3/6
LOT 7. —Petticoats in White Cambric, with flounces, fully trimmed lace, special		15/11	12/11
LOT 8. —Tea Gowns, French Models in soft silk, satin and crepe de Chine, much reduced. In accordion-pleated silk, pink, turquoise, maize, and cream		73/6	52/6
LACE DEPARTMENT.			
GUIPURE LACE INSERTION. —30 pieces Guipure Waved Lace Insertion, 2½in. wide		1/2½	6½d.
63 pieces Guipure Lace Insertion, 2½in. wide		1/0½	5½d.
120 only, Real Point de Flandre Lace Berthes, 6in. deep		16/11	10/11
280 only, Pretty Lace Jabot, in Paris shade		3/6	1/11½
350 only, best quality Ivory Hand-made Braided Cravat		2/9	1/3½
450 only, Real Point de Flandre Stock Collar		1/11½	1/2½
370 only, Real Point de Flandre Lace Cravat		4/6	2/6
BLACK NET ROBES (Shaped Flounce).—120 Black Plain Russian Net Robes (unmade) and material for Bodices, latest flounced skirts, and trimmed 21 rows of black satin ribbon		27/6	19/11
150 Black Plain Russian Net Robes (unmade) and material for Bodices, latest flounced skirts, and trimmed 18 rows of black satin ribbon		39/6	25/11
RIBBONS.			
305 only, smart Windsor Tie, in Jap. silk, fancy embroidered ends, in ivory, sky, pink, navy, and black		1/11½	1/0½
290 only, best quality Surah Silk Tie, with woven spots, and hem-stitched, in white ground with spots of blue, pink, cardinal, navy, mauve, and turquoise		3/6	1/11½
370 only, pretty Windsor Tie, in Jap. silk and embroidered ends, in ivory, sky, pink, turquoise, nil, and mauve		1/11½	1/0½
COLOURED GLACE RIBBONS. —Rich, All-silk, Glacé Ribbon, with ½in. satin edge, ½in. wide, in sky, pink, turquoise, nil, cardinal, maize, brown, and gold		1/3½	6½d. yd.
BLOUSES.			
SHIRTS. —420 only, Pretty Nun's Veiling Shirt, accordion-pleated and trimmed lace insertion and hair-pin work, in shades of cream, sky, pink, navy, cardinal, and black		7/11	4/11
190 only, Pretty Fancy Spot Flannel Shirt, with strappings of flannel, and finished with white tassels and nicely tucked, fastening at front, in white with black spots, white with navy spots, white with cardinal spots, black with white spots, and navy with white spots		14/11	9/11
170 only, Pretty Cream Flannel Shirt, trimmed handsome Guipure lace insertion		23/6	13/11
ART NEEDLEWORK DEPARTMENT.			
COMMENCED WORK. 150 Manufacturers' Samples of Commenced Needlework, in newest designs, comprising Table Centres, Duchesse Covers, Cushion Covers, and Nightdress Cases, on Cable Cloth and coarse Linen, lustrines, and materials for finishing		8/11	3/11
SIDEBOARD COVERS. 250 Coloured Canvas Sideboard Covers, fringed ends, several lengths and patterns		2/3½	1/2½
FIVE O'CLOCK TEA CLOTHS. 175 Linen Tea Cloths, hemstitched and drawn thread, traced, good designs, floral and conventional, 36in. by 36in.		3/11	2/6½
CUSHION COVERS. 250 Linen and Canvas Cushion Covers, made up with frills, for embroidery or cross-stitch, various colours		2/11½	1/11½
LADIES' GLOVE DEPARTMENT.		Usual Price.	SALE PRICE.
LOT 1. —100 doz. Tan Real Reindeer, splendid value		7/6	5/9
LOT 2. —2-button Mocha Doeskin, in black, slate, white, beaver, and tans, marvellous value		2/6	1/6½
LOT 3. —Fowne's English Doeskin, in tan and light drab		2/3	1/10½
LOT 4. —Real Mocha Doeskin, very soft skins, grey, beaver, and black		3/-	2/6
LADIES' WOVEN UNDERWEAR DEPARTMENT.			
LOT 1. —SPENCERS, Silk and Wool Rib, unshrinkable, short sleeves		—	1/11½
Ditto, in pink and white, long sleeves		—	2/6
LOT 2. —SPENCERS, Silk and Merino, white rib, and honeycomb		—	2/3
Ditto, short and Long Sleeves, marvellous value, unshrinkable		—	2 for 3/11
LOT 3. —200 pairs Combinations, pure wool woven, guaranteed unshrinkable. In pink, white, and natural. All shapes		—	3 prs. for 19/6
LOT 4. —35 dozen Black Narrow Rib Cashmere, very soft and durable. Double heels and toes. For hard wear		—	3 prs. for 4/6
LOT 5. —50 dozen plain Black Cashmere Hose, double heels and toes		2/-	3 prs. for 4/-
HOUSEHOLD LINENS.			
120 Doz. Double Damask Dinner Napkins, full size		16/9	12/6
250 Pairs Cotton Sheets, twill or plain, single beds		6/6 8/11	4/11 6/11
330 Pairs Cotton Sheets, twill or plain, double beds		12/6 14/6	8/11 10/6
700 Doz. Hem-stitched Huckaback Towels		10/6	7/6
150 Down Quilts, covered printed cambric, mercerised saten insertion and border, 6 ft. by 5 ft.		19/6	14/11
200 Down Quilts, covered printed satin, reverse printed saten, extraordinary value, 6 ft. by 5 ft.		29/6	21/-
CARPET AND FURNISHING DEPARTMENT.			
LOT 1. —Empire Plushette Curtains, 3½ yds. long, fringed or corded		35/6	23/6
LOT 2. —Tapestry Table Covers		6/11 11/9	4/11 7/11
LOT 3. —Real Swiss Lace Curtains		27/9	21/-
LOT 4. —Coin Spot Muslin Curtains, frilled all round		8/11	5/9
LOT 5. —Indian Carpets, "Mirzapore," 12 ft. by 9 ft.		85/	59/6 and 28/6
Ditto ditto 9 ft. by 6 ft.		37/6	
LOT 6. —Reversible "Turkistan" Carpets, 9 ft. by 3 ft. and 16 ft. 4 in. by 13 ft. 2 in.		9/11 to 75/-	6/6 to 47/6
Other sizes reduced proportionately.			
MILLINERY DEPARTMENT.			
LOT 1. —All French Models to be cleared		4½gs. and 6½gs.	21/-
LOT 2. —Cloth Toques trimmed velvet		15/6 & 18/11	5/11
LOT 3. —Untrimmed Hats to be cleared			1/- & 3/11
JEWELLERY DEPARTMENT.			
Manufacturer's Stock of Dress or Muff Chains, in Gun Metal, with brilliants, or Rolled Gold set brilliants, turquoise, amethyst, emeralds, or pearls		4/9	2/9
Gold Necklet, with Gold Heart Pendant, set real turquoise or pearl, complete		12/6	8/6
Fashionable Hair Combs, dark or light shell, with New Art mounting in gilt, Back Combs, 3/-; Side Combs, 4/6 pair		—	7/3
TRIMMING DEPARTMENT.			
New Sequin Coffee Coat, beautiful design in sequins and beads, embroidered on net, in black, black and steel, all steel, or silver on white		21/-	12/9
Also in high neck, same colours.		25/6	15/9
Smart Evening Garniture (with new shaped sleeves), in net, embroidered with sequins and beads, in all black, black and steel, all steel, or silver on white		29/6	17/6
New Sequin Berthe, very effective design in sequins and beads, in black, black and steel, all steel, or silver on white		10/6	5/11
BOOT DEPARTMENT.			
Fine Box Calf Walking Boots, to button or lace, very smart.		16/9	11/9
Extraordinary value.		13/9	9/11
Fine Box Calf Walking Shoes, pointed or medium toe		12/9	9/11
Elegant Glacé Kid Walking Shoe, stout soles, exceptional value			To be cleared from 6/11 to 13/9
Several Hundred pairs of Travellers' Samples, many with LXV. heels		12/9 to 25/9	
SILVER DEPARTMENT.			
LOT 1. —100 Massive Hall-marked Silver Circular Hand Mirrors		—	21/-
LOT 2. —72 Massive Hall-marked Silver Hair Brushes, wonderful value on white		—	9/11
Cloth or Hat Brushes to match		—	5/11
LOT 3. —The Boston Hall-marked Silver, full size, Powder Jars		—	4/11
LADIES' UMBRELLA AND SHAWL DEPARTMENT.			
LOT 1. —Exceptional value in Ladies' 23in. durable Silk Umbrellas with handsome silver mounts, English hall-marked, in crutch or hook		15/9	8/11
LOT 2. —Dainty Shawls of Silk Wool in mixed or plain colours, suitable for theatre or day wear		3/11	1/6½
LOT 3. —A Manufacturer's Stock of Fleecy Shawls, 64in. square, in white, black, sky, pink, fawn, grey, and cardinal, suitable for babies or invalids. Very exceptional value		6/11	3/11
GENT'S DEPARTMENT.			
LOT 1. —Pure Wool Pyjama Suits, in heavy or medium weight, best value ever offered		13/6	9/11
LOT 2. —200 Fancy Check Travelling Rugs, wonderful bargain		10/6	3 for 29/-
LOT 3. —Fancy Woollen Dressing Gowns, in plain colours and fancy checks, all one price		30/- and 42/-	5/6
LOT 4. —Heavy Pure Wool Flannel Shirts, best quality		10/6	7/11
LOT 5. —Our standard quality White Shirts, for dress or ordinary wear (half-dozen) reduced to		—	3 for 29/-
Sample Shirt		—	23/-, 29/-, and 39/-
LOT 6. —Pure Linen Handkerchiefs, hem-stitched, medium size, special value, worth 10/6		—	3/11, 4/11, and 6/9
		—	6/11 per doz.
		—	3 doz. for 20/-
BOYS' CLOTHING DEPARTMENTS.			
275 Eton Jackets and Vests, from fine quality Vicuna and Serge, fit guaranteed		28/6	21/- all sizes
500 pairs Hair-line Trousers, extra quality, medium and dark shades, stylish cut		12/6	7/11 "
450 Boys' Dressing Gowns, from all-wool materials		18/6 to 25/-	10/6 "
90 Boys' Winter Overcoats, from Cheviots and Tweeds		32/-	21/6 "
27 doz. Flannel Pyjama Suits, guaranteed thoroughly shrunk, to fit ages 3 to 18 years		10/6	5/6 "
80 doz. Flannel Shirts, 10½ to 14½ neck, thoroughly shrunk, every shirt guaranteed		7/6	3/9 "

Our special forecast for to-day is: Variable to easterly breezes, and changeable; colder weather; rain or sleet at times.

Lighting-up time, 5.3 p.m.

SEA PASSAGES.

English Channel, North Sea, and Irish Channel, all moderate to smooth.

4th Day of Year.

Monday, Jan. 4, 1904.

362 days to Dec. 31.

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1904.	January.	Feb.
Sun.	10 17 24 31 ...	1
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To-Day's News at a Glance.

Home.

Lovers of skating took small heed on Saturday of the rapid change to thaw, and three persons—among a large crowd which ventured upon insecure ice at Derby—were drowned.

The Queen has again contributed to the funds of the Salvation Army, and also to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

A new flagstaff, of pitch pine, painted white, 50ft. high, and surmounted by a gilt crown, has been erected above the front of Buckingham Palace.

Mr. John Morley, who has been recuperating on the shores of the Mediterranean, will return and deliver three speeches to his constituents in the third week of January.

Lord Haldon, in his fifty-eighth year, succumbed from the effects of a fall at the house of his daughter on Christmas Eve.

About two hundred children enjoyed feasting and dancing on Saturday at the Criterion by the invitation of the O.P. Club.

The Stock Exchange has commenced the New Year in a state of nervous depression. Consols, in which the Settlement begins to-day, fell $\frac{1}{2}$ on Saturday.—See page 4.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the disseminator of libraries, needs to be reviewed annually, like the Post Office. Last year, it is announced, his gifts at home and abroad totalled £4,200,100.

The Eastern Telegraph Company's cable steamer Chiltern has sunk at Plymouth after collision.

An international poultry show opens to-morrow at Sheffield. There are over 4,000 entries.

Mr. R. E. Thompson, the agent of the London cotton brokers, has started for Cuba to investigate the feasibility of growing cotton there.

Constance Lady De la Warr is reported to have become a Roman Catholic.

Mr. Ronald McNeill has resigned the editorship of the "St. James's Gazette," and proposes to contest West Aberdeenshire as a Unionist at the general election.

Frederick Hotine, an Army pensioner, was charged at Bow-street on Saturday with defaming Army Reservists by pretending to find them employment. A police-sergeant said Hotine had obtained some hundreds of pounds. He was remanded.

Nearly six hundred shivering outcasts were entertained to a New Year's breakfast at Gray's Yard Ragged Church and Schools, off Oxford-street, on Saturday.

At the Dumb Friends' League ball at Kensington on Saturday one dancer was three years and six months old, and another only three.

After adorning the staff of the Midland Railway for thirty years as locomotive superintendent, Mr. Samuel W. Johnson has retired. During that time he designed 1,133 locomotives, some the most powerful in the world, including the famous No. 2,632, which draws the Scotch mail between Leeds and Carlisle at the great speed of seventy-nine miles an hour.

Foreign.

The Louvre Hotel, in Chicago, has been destroyed by fire. Three visitors lost their lives.

The King of Portugal, opening Parliament on Saturday, said that the King of Italy had consented to arbitrate between Britain and Portugal in the question of the delimitation of Angola and of the British territory in the Barotse region.

Japan has received no reply from Russia to her Note presented fourteen days ago; it is stated that a Japanese squadron is about to sail for Masampho, Korea.

Saturday and yesterday were mournful days in Chicago burying over 500 victims of the theatre fire.

Madame Martin has been arrested at Marly, France, on suspicion of suggesting by spiritualism the suicide of an elderly widow who died leaving a will in her favour.—See page 5.

An Anglo-Italian Treaty of Arbitration has been arranged.

Herr Seyboth, a member of the German Reichstag, has been sentenced to one year and three months' imprisonment, with loss of civil rights for five years, for forging bills and fraud.

Princess Mathilde Bonaparte, a niece of the Emperor Napoleon I., and an artist of distinction, has died in Paris at the age of eighty-four.—See page 7.

Our Vienna correspondent states that ping pong maintains great popularity in Austria.

General De Giorgis-Ala has been nominated by the Italian Government for the post of commander of the Macedonian gendarmerie. This is one step nearer the reforms prescribed by the Powers.

Loubau, the man who shot at Dr. Max Nordau in Paris, is apparently trying to starve himself to death in prison. For the last six days he has refused all nourishment.

Ice has stopped navigation on the Rhine.

The steamer Tijuca, with Dr. Nordenskjöld on board, has left for Hamburg; telegraphs Reuter's correspondent from Vigo, Spain. The explorer is proceeding direct to Stockholm.

Dr. Dowie has started on a tour of the world. All Zion City turned out on Saturday to say farewell.

It is stated (says Reuter's St. Petersburg correspondent) that M. Sokoloff and M. Wolkenstein, two of the lawyers who took part in the first hearings of the Kishineff trial, have been banished from St. Petersburg to the interior because their attitude was distasteful to the Government.

Colonial.

The messages between the Premier of the Australian Commonwealth and Mr. Chamberlain, which resulted in the latter declining to visit the Colony, are published this morning.—See page 4.

Ill-luck stalks after England in the second test match. Mr. Foster, who is in bed with influenza, has been ordered not to take further part in the match, and rain fell continuously during Saturday night and yesterday. England is 306 for seven wickets.—See page 5.

News via Aden says the Mullah, having succeeded in making his escape through the British cordon, repudiates the idea of coming to terms.



Court Circular.

Sunday, Jan. 3.

Their Majesties the King and Queen, the Royal Family, their Majesties' guests, and the Ladies and Gentlemen in Waiting attended divine service at Sandringham Church this morning.

The Rev. Canon Dalton and the Rev. Canon Hervey (Domestic Chaplain) officiated.

Daly's, "A Country Girl," 8.
 "Drury Lane," "Humpty Dumpty," 1.30 and 7.30.
 Duke of York's, "Lettie," 8.
 Gaiety, "The Orchid," 8.
 Garrick, "Water Babies," 2.15; "The Cricket on the Hearth," 8.15.
 Haymarket, "Cousin Kate," 9.
 His Majesty's, "The Darling of the Gods," 8.15.
 Imperial, "Monsieur Beaucaire," 8.30.
 Lyric, "The Duchess of Dantzig," 8.
 "New," "Alice Through the Looking-glass," 2.30 and 8.15.
 Prince of Wales's, "The School Girl," 8.
 Royalty, "Der Veilchenfresser," 8.15.
 St. James's, "The Professor's Love Story," 8.30.
 Strand, "A Chinese Honeymoon," 8.
 "Terry's," "My Lady Molly," 2.30 and 8.15.
 Vaudeville, "The Cherry Girl," 2 and 8.
 Wyndham's, "Little Mary," 8.
 Alhambra, "Carmen," doors open 7.45.
 Empire, "Vineland," doors open 7.45.
 Hippodrome, "The Elephant Hunters," 2 and 8.
 Palace, New Bioscope Pictures, 8.

*Matinees are on the day of performance indicated by an asterisk.

STILL NO REPLY.

Japan Completes Her Fortnight's Wait.

OMINOUS OUTLOOK.

Japanese Squadron May Seize Masampho.

A full fortnight has now elapsed, and Japan has still received no reply to her last Note to Russia. In such circumstances it is natural that anxiety should increase, but though the situation certainly shows no improvement there is, on the other hand, no sign to justify those rash "experts" who prophesy immediate war.

The facts to hand from the East can be stated in short compass. The dearth of news from Japan is explained by a strict censorship on all cable messages. Two Reuter telegrams alone have come through since Friday. One, dated Sunday, says:—

The continued dissemination of optimistic views from Berlin causes genuine surprise and regret here. The Press urges the immediate declaration of war, which it considers to be inevitable. All the banks are withholding their funds, as the result, it is believed, of official instructions. The transport arrangements are now complete. The people are calmly awaiting developments.

Japanese Squadron for Korea?

The other telegram, dated January 2, gives point to the talk of the landing of a Japanese force in Korea:—

A powerful squadron, consisting of six armoured cruisers under Admiral Kamimura, is expected to leave Sasebo to-morrow for Masampho.

Masampho is the Korean port which Russia has long coveted as a naval base. A Tokio telegram received in New York suggests that the object of the Japanese might be to seize Masampho in order to forestall Russia in the event of the failure of the present negotiations. This is, however, only surmise.

Pekin, which has been consistently pessimistic, continues its Cassandra-like tone. Reuter's correspondent there says:—

Information in the possession of the best-informed diplomats in Pekin convinces them that war between Japan and Russia is inevitable, and hostilities may possibly be begun within a few days.

English Engineers Ordered East.

Much speculation has been aroused over orders given to a party of Glasgow marine engineers, who some months ago arranged with the Japanese Government to join the Japanese navy in the event of emergency. On Saturday they received official intimation to start at once for the Far East. The party, who number twelve, leave Liverpool to-morrow, and, travelling via Canada, are timed to arrive at Yokohama on February 8.

Viscount Hayashi is still without news from his Government, and the fact that all the members of his Excellency's staff were absent last night seems to indicate a slightly easier feeling. The Ambassador still hopes for a pacific solution, but it is, he thinks, possible that the negotiations will be prolonged. Preparations for possibilities, of course, continue on both sides, but these need not cause alarm, being, in fact, rather safeguards for peace.

The two warships built in Italy for the Argentine Government, which have just been purchased by Japan, will leave for the Far East in about three weeks. The Japanese officers who are now serving on H.M.S. Mars and H.M.S. Royal Sovereign have received notice to hold themselves in readiness to return to Japan at a moment's notice.

Views Abroad.

At Washington it is stated that unofficial communications from American representatives abroad have been received which indicate that war will be averted; and a Reuter message from Rome says war is not thought there to be imminent.

In France the quiet manner in which the situation is regarded is shown by the fact that M. Delcassé, Minister for Foreign Affairs, has left for the Riviera for a few days' rest.

From St. Petersburg.

The Russian Press reiterates that its country does not desire war. At the same time, says the "Novoe Vremya," "nobody will allow the Japanese or their friends to execute a diplomatic dance on the strength of Russia's peaceful predilections."

The sending of troops to East Asia in small detachments has been going on uninterruptedly for several months past. Nearly the

whole of the 5th and 10th Army Corps have now been conveyed thither.

The bulk of the Russian warships which are at Bizerta on their way to the Far East will not leave for some days, but one of them, the cruiser Aurora, sailed yesterday. On Saturday a reception was given to the French residents of Tunisia, and the most cordial speeches were exchanged.

Russia and America.

The New York "Sun" states that the State Department at Washington has received a formal inquiry from Russia as to the attitude of the United States in the event of a Russo-Japanese war. It is understood that the reply insists that American commercial privileges in Manchuria must not be curtailed. In other respects the American Government would be neutral.

The King's Interest.

The King (telegraphs our Windsor correspondent) is keenly following events in the Far East, and latest developments are at once telegraphed to his Majesty. The King is acquainted as few are with the ins and outs of the controversy and the exact position and strength of each nation.

His Majesty greatly admires the Japanese, and has, I understand, used every effort in the direction of peace.

DISCONTENTED BRITISH TROOPS.

There is reason to fear that the serious reports which have latterly been reaching this country of discontent among British troops in South Africa—amounting in some instances to insubordination—are only too well founded. A correspondent, whose knowledge of the existing evils can be depended upon, states that numbers of officers and men are leaving the service as fast as they can.

The discontent is attributed to, among other causes, the extravagant price of luxuries and necessities, and the isolation and discomforts of the depôts. At Middelburg camp drill and the canten are the only distractions for the men throughout each dreary day. Dust storms blow five or six days a week.

A Transvaal correspondent of the "Times," touching on the same subject on Saturday, says the bell tents, which are extremely hot in summer and bitterly cold in winter, cause all troops to hate South Africa.

LORD OF MANY ESTATES.

Prince Ferdinand Kinsky, head of one of the most aristocratic houses in Austria, has died in Bohemia, at the age of sixty-nine, of the effects of a hunting accident. He possessed six estates in Bohemia alone, and his handsome palace at Vienna was the scene of much brilliant entertaining.

He was passionately attached to sport, and had model racing stables and splendid preserves. One of his sons is attached to the Embassy in Paris.

SISTER'S TERRIFIED EMBRACE.

From Kettering, where recently a six-year-old girl rescued her baby brother from a burning bedroom, a report comes of another brave action by a young girl.

Florrie and Frances Allen, aged twelve and nine, had been left at home alone by their parents, when the piano of the younger child, who was playing near an unprotected grate, caught on fire. Her sister courageously strove to put the flames out, but Frances clung to her in such terror that she was at last compelled to free herself and run for assistance. Though a neighbour came and put the flames out with his coat he was too late to save the child's life.

MATURE ENCHANTRESS.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Washington, Sunday.
 Countess Sarah Esterhazy, widow of Count Maximilian Esterhazy, of Austria, is being sued here by Mrs. Martin Delang, who demands £20,000 damages for the alienation of her husband's affections. The Countess is seventy years old, but looks twenty years younger, and is handsome.
 Mrs. Delang, who is only thirty-four, declares her husband became infatuated with the Countess since last August. The Countess recently nursed him during illness.

SCHOOLBOY CONSCRIPTS.

In view of the system of compulsory sports in vogue at English public schools, Mr. Rudyard Kipling points out in the "National Service Journal" that if ten per cent. of the time given to this "conscriptation for games" was devoted to drill and target work our schoolboys would be efficient soldiers at the end of five or six years.

The Kaiser has ordered thirty-three alterations in the uniforms of his army, and presented an artificial limb to a butcher's apprentice.

To-Day's Arrangements.

Sales.
 Debenham & Freebody, Wigmore-street, W.
 Swan & Edgar, Piccadilly-circus.
 Peter Robinson, Oxford-street, W.
 Marshall & Snelgrove, Oxford-street, W., and Vere-street.
 Valerie, 12, New Burlington-street.
 Norman & Stacey, Tottenham Court-road.
 Gainsboro', Hanover-square.
 Lewis & Allenby, Regent-street and Conduit-street, W.
 Russell, Sidney-place, Wardour-street.
 Mund Taylor, Sloane-street, S.W.
 Roffner, Conduit-street, W.
 Sanger, Sloane-street, S.W.
 Henry Glave, New Oxford-street, W.
 Redmayne & Co., 19 and 20, New Bond-street, W.
 Mayfair Shoe Company, Vere-street, W.
Theatres.
 Adelphi, "The Earl and the Girl," 8.15.
 Apollo, "Madame Sherry," 8.
 Comedy, "The Girl from Kay's," 8.
 "Court," "Brer Fox and Brer Rabbit," and "Snow-drop," 9.
 Criterion, "Billy's Little Love Affair," 9.

THE DAY OF FUNERALS.

VICTIMS IN THE CHICAGO DISASTER
TOTAL 587.

LONDON GIRL'S FATE.

Last night's messages from Chicago state that it has now been definitely ascertained that the total number of those who lost their lives in the disaster at the Iroquois Theatre was 587.

Throughout yesterday as well as on Saturday a melancholy succession of funeral processions passed through the city on their way to the outlying cemeteries. The majority of public offices and business premises closed on Saturday. Church bells tolled almost unceasingly, and yesterday, as a special token of grief, the bells of all the churches in the city for a space of five minutes rang out a simultaneous dirge. Men, as they heard it, stood bareheaded in the midst of a snowstorm till the mournful echoes had finally died away.

The priests and ministers of the various denominations were constantly passing from funeral to funeral. By the common consent of the officiating clergy, Cardinal Newman's hymn, "Lead, kindly light," is being sung at all the funeral services.

The largest number of funerals will take place to-day, and in consequence the public schools will be closed in memory of the thirty-four teachers who lost their lives in the fire.

The Mayor of Chicago, Laffan states, has, in consequence of the disaster, closed twenty-four theatres, leaving only one open, until they comply with drastic regulations for safeguarding life. Managers of theatres throughout the United States are taking precautions to avert fires, and the New York Fire Commissioners have ordered that all asbestos curtains in that city's theatres, which it is suspected would fail to stop an outbreak of fire, shall be subjected to a test by applying gasoline to the curtain and endeavouring to ignite it.

Victim from London.

Miss Nellie Reed, a London member of the aerial ballet of the "Bluebird" company, is apparently the only foreigner who perished in the fire. It appears that she was so distraught with fright that although she was assisted to the ground-floor, she strayed back to the blazing stage.

It is estimated (a Reuter's special correspondent states) that jewellery and other personal property to the value of 100,000 dollars were lost in the fire. In one case 405 dollars in paper were found pinned to a woman's clothing.

Among the messages of sympathy acknowledged by President Roosevelt are those from King Edward and Queen Alexandra and the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Tsar, M. Delcassé, on behalf of the French President and Government, Lord Minto, and Lord Monkswell, Chairman of the London County Council. The President has also received a telegram of sympathy from the German Emperor.

Fireproof Curtains in London Theatres.

With regard to statements which have appeared in the Press that fire-resisting screens are only in use in a few of the London theatres, we learn that not only are they fitted in all theatres throughout the metropolis—and have so been for a considerable period—but they are lowered and raised daily in the presence of the audience so as to ensure the arrangements being in proper working order, and this fact is under the Lord Chamberlain's regulations, noted in all programmes and playbills for the information of the public.

LORD ANGLESEY'S HOUSEHOLD GUARD.

Since Lord Anglesey was robbed of a valuable part of his jewellery he is said to have organised, for protection of his interests while touring with his dramatic company in "An Ideal Husband," a body-guard of six men. They are believed to be armed with deadly weapons, are under command of the chief valet, and comprise the second butler, the third valet, the household barber, and two chauffeurs.

His lordship's "enemies" are interviewers, jewellers who canvass, and of course thieves.

Jewels to the value of £250,000 are said to belong to the stage effects, and it is the function of the body-guard to escort the precious property to and from the theatres, and after the play to sleep on them.

WELL-KNOWN CUNARD CAPTAIN RETIRING.

Captain Alexander McKay, commodore of the Cunard fleet, who has been for some time in command of the *Lucania*, is about to retire under the age limit of the Cunard service. He joined the company in 1870.

THRASHED HER PATIENT.

Loud screaming was heard in the sick ward at Thame (Oxfordshire) Workhouse, and the master rushed in to find Annie Jones, a nurse, thrashing with a stick an old, half-paralysed woman, who had given some trouble by getting out of bed. The doctor found that the victim's face and head were severely bruised. Charged at the Bellingham Sessions, Oxford, on Saturday, Jones behaved hysterically in the dock, but was sentenced to six weeks' hard labour.

There was almost a vegetable famine in Rochester and Chatham on Saturday owing to the frost.

O.P. NEW YEAR PARTY.

Two Hundred Little Playgoers
Assemble at the Criterion.

"Quite the nicest party we have ever been to," said the children at the O.P. Club's New Year dance and entertainment at the Criterion on Saturday.

The party started, as all children's parties should, with a great tea—cakes and jam and milk and lemonade, and ices and more cakes. About two hundred children did themselves very well at this tea, and, if silent during the serious business of the afternoon, they thawed very much afterwards when Mr. House, the O.P. secretary, suggested dancing.

After the dancing Mr. Finlay Dunn gave a piano sketch, and then a clown conjured (Mr. Owen Clarke) did the cleverest and most laughable things the children had ever seen. Little Miss Beryl Hentschel—daughter of Mr. Carl Hentschel—showed her a hornpipe and a scarf dance should go, and then, with Miss Hettie Grace, led off a cake-walk. Then more dancing, and entertainments from M. Alexandrine, the bird imitator; Mr. John Warren, ventriloquist; Mr. George Blackmore, nigger songs; and, best of all, Mr. Walter Graham brought living marionettes.

The Old Playgoers worked very hard to give the young playgoers a real good time. They pulled crackers and wore caps and danced and sang, but Mr. Carl Hentschel had one complaint, and that he made half in jest. "Too many grown-up people have come," he said. "I am a little annoyed with them."

HOSPITAL ROMANCE.

Ward Sister and Dean's Daughter
Marries Hospital Porter.

Miss Kate Lynch-Blosse, a daughter of the late Dean Blosse of Llandaff, had risen to the rank of sister at Cardiff Infirmary. Middle-aged, of medium height, untiring in her devotion to duty, Sister Lynch-Blosse was among the most faithful servants of the hospital.

Possessed of a private competence, her salary had always been returned in the form of subscriptions to the charity to which she had given so many years. A week ago, amid general expressions of regret, she left the infirmary, and it is now known that some months back she had married the hospital porter, Mr. Lewis Price, a well-set-up man who had gone through the South African War. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Price are understood to have settled in Somerset, just across the Bristol Channel, where they have taken a farm.

THE YEAR'S DEAD MILLIONAIRES.

The wills of four millionaires were proved during last year:

Colonel H. M. Calmont, M.P.	£2,000,000
Mr. E. L. Raphael	1,236,884
Sir J. E. Montefiore	1,019,849
Mr. A. Ralli	1,011,942

A CONFEDERATE GENERAL'S DEATH.

Another of the famous generals who served in the United States Civil War, General James Longstreet, has just died at Gainesville, Georgia, at the age of eighty-three.

Longstreet, who fought on the side of the South, commanded the first army corps of Northern Virginia, and with that gallant force participated in many battles. During the terrible struggle in the Wilderness he was wounded by the fire of his own troops.

After the war President Grant gave him an appointment, and he afterwards held many civil posts.

DANCING PROFESSORS' CONCERN.

Professional dancing masters in Yorkshire, particularly at Leeds and Bradford, have been much concerned at the tendency to romp at dances nowadays. During the past week they have held a conference to discuss this and other practices detrimental to their art. It is hoped that this professional "crusade" will induce the numbers of young men who have largely abandoned dancing altogether to return once more to the ballroom.

EFFECT OF EXTREME COLD ON LIVE FISH.

Professor Pictel (a Berlin physiologist) has been experimenting with the effects of extreme cold on fish life. He has found that many fishes remain alive in a temperature of forty-five degrees below freezing point, but they then become so hard and brittle that they splinter like a piece of ice when struck against a hard substance.—Laffan.

PANIC FROM FIRE ALARMS.

Panic in a circus at Nantes; panic in a church in Prussia; panic in a hippodrome at Antwerp. These are three items of the day's news—the stampede of frightened people in each case following an alarm of fire—which show how powerfully the Chicago theatre holocaust has affected the minds of people. No one was killed.

Mr. W. J. Bull, M.P. for Hammersmith, who is soon to be married to Miss Brandon, was on Saturday, at Hammersmith Town Hall, presented by his constituents with a silver tea and coffee service and a revolving automatic tea-table.

"PENDING A MANDATE."

Mr. Chamberlain and Australia—
Full Correspondence.

We are now enabled to publish textually the correspondence between Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Deakin, Premier of the Australian Commonwealth in regard to the invitation extended to Mr. Chamberlain to make a tour in the Australian colonies in advocacy of the tariff reform scheme.

In making the proposal Mr. Deakin cabled:—

Melbourne, December 30.

To Mr. Chamberlain, Birmingham.—The Prime Minister of the Commonwealth and his colleagues, on behalf of the people of Australia, invite you to visit us at the earliest convenient opportunity. We do not overlook the incessant demands upon your time and strength by public duties in Great Britain, but conceive that this distant continent possesses a title to consideration as one of the intending to establish in your proposed agreements for preferential trade.

The issue is imperial in every sense. You have powerfully advocated the special advantages of this policy in the chief centres of the mother country. The same convincing exposition is desired here. No one could so effectively impress upon our citizens broad views of the beneficial influence of those closer commercial relations which it is your duty to establish, as the Premier of the Empire, making for their development and the stability of the whole.

You would also acquire personal knowledge of our conditions and circumstances that must materially reinforce your policy and promote its practical application in our case. The Preferential Trade Leagues, in course of formation in Sydney and elsewhere, would receive an immense impetus from your coming.

We, therefore, earnestly urge upon you, as the harbinger of commercial reciprocity between the mother country and her Colonies, the acceptance of this invitation, confidently assuring you an unanimous and enthusiastic welcome in all the States of Australia.

DEAKIN.

Mr. Chamberlain's reply was as follows:—

The Prime Minister, Commonwealth, Australia.

Am deeply grateful to you and your Ministers for your flattering invitation and for the assurance you give of a cordial welcome from the people of Australia.

I recognise the advantages and pleasure to myself of such a visit as you suggest, but in this stage of the great campaign for the unity of the Empire, in which I rejoice to have your sympathy and support, I think I can best serve our common cause by devoting myself to its promotion here, where the Motherland is called upon to say what answer she will make to the advances of her children across the seas.

I do not doubt that she will be ready to meet in no grudging spirit all proposals for strengthening the bonds between us, but until her mandate has been given I cannot leave for a lengthened absence.

At a future time, I hope not far distant, I may be able to avail myself of the invitation so generously given; and meanwhile I accept it as a great encouragement and as evidence that the Commonwealth of Australia is not indifferent to the duty cast on all of us in the present condition of the world, to weld together the Empire which is our common heritage—won for us by the sacrifices of our forefathers, and only to be maintained by the devotion of their descendants to the same ideal.

CHAMBERLAIN.

DEATH OF LORD HALDON.

Lawrence Hesketh Palk, second Baron Haldon, who was buried to-day at Fulham. The deceased peer, who was in his fifty-eighth year, died at the house of a friend with whom he was spending Christmas. On Christmas day, while going downstairs, he was seized with an attack of vertigo and fell, sustaining injuries from which he never recovered.

Lord Haldon was latterly the victim of a change of fortunes which deprived him of his estates in Devonshire and forced him to live in comparative retirement. For the past five or six years he had resided at a small house at Hampton Wick, mixing freely with his humbler neighbours and performing many acts of unostentatious kindness.

FINED FOR FLOGGING HIS SON.

A dentist living in a fashionable quarter of Liverpool has been fined £5 for thrashing his son, aged 11, with a riding-whip.

He had been separated from his wife, who had the custody of the children, and the little lad, who was visiting his father, had stayed out rather late. When the boy returned the defendant seized him and flogged him with a whip, the blows causing twenty-four weals.

For the defence it was argued that this punishment was not excessive for the purpose of correcting the boy's disobedient habits.

LINER ADRIFT IN DUNDEE HARBOUR.

Fifty thousand bales of jute on board and adrift in Dundee Harbour with a strong sou'wester blowing. Such was Saturday night's condition of the Hamburg-American liner *Bengalia*. She went aground, and afterwards listed heavily to port, taking ton after ton of water aboard that stifled the engine-room fires.

By the aid of tugs, however, she was at last made secure at Camperdown Jetty. The captain of the *Bengalia* says his vessel was holed by a sunken anchor.

LEISURELY BANDITS.

Three bandits on Saturday terrorised the small town of Luton, Iowa, and dynamited the bank. They then drove to a neighbouring town, and breakfasted in nonchalant fashion, remaining to read the newspapers leisurely. They then coolly entrained and escaped.

A Denmark Hill tradesman, over seventy years of age, boasts (so a correspondent states) that he has never crossed the Thames.

SKATERS DROWNED.

Three Lives Lost at Derby—
Gallant Attempts at Rescue.

Few enthusiasts are afforded better opportunities for cultivating resignation in face of all disappointments than those who would skate during the English winter.

Saturday morning dissipated—as had been indicated might prove the case—the hopes of skaters. In London sleet showers in the early morning were followed by a sharp frost which made the roads extremely slippery; but a rapid thaw followed almost immediately, and all prospects of skating vanished.

Unfortunately, the thaw has been accompanied by reports of a number of serious skating accidents in various parts of the country.

The most disastrous was on a sheet of water near Derby, bearing the ill-omened name of the "Dead Waters," where three people were drowned through the ice collapsing without a moment's warning. Seven or eight skaters were plunged into the water. Two of them succeeded in swimming to the bank, and two others were got out with assistance. But efforts to reach a young woman named Rose Selwood and a man named Frederick Patterson were unsuccessful. A third man named Sanders lost his life in making a gallant attempt to save Miss Selwood.

The accident was due to Miss Selwood's skate breaking. This caused her to fall heavily, breaking the ice, and Patterson, who was near her at the time, went through the ice also. Sanders had succeeded in reaching the bank in safety, but, although he could not swim, he immediately re-entered the water in the hope of being able to save Miss Selwood.

A friend, named Wyatt, seeing that he was in difficulties, tried to rescue him, but just failed, and Sanders disappeared under the ice. Chambers, another man who distinguished himself in attempting rescues, was so exhausted afterwards that he had to receive medical treatment.

Of those who lost their lives, Patterson was a moulder at a Derby foundry. Sanders was an apprentice at the Midland Railway Locomotive Works, and Miss Selwood was the daughter of a Derby coppersmith.

The ice gave way at Sillwood Park, Ascot, on Friday afternoon, and, despite the attempt of several of his companions to rescue him, a boy named James Turner was drowned.

George Dixon, who, together with a lad named William Hall, was drowned at Scotforth near Lancaster, on New Year's night, was deaf and dumb. Evidence at the inquest showed that the ice broke while Dixon was skating on it, and that Hall went to his rescue, but the ice gave way with him also. Dixon screamed in his own way for help, and two youths tried to save them, but failed, and Hall and Dixon were both drowned.

"A FELLOW-WORM'S CLAY."

Death of the Chartist M.P. who Protested
Against the Iron Duke's Funeral.

The death is announced of Mr. Samuel Carter, ex-M.P. for Tavistock, who was absolutely unknown, even by name, to this generation, but who once cut a considerable figure in the political world.

Half a century ago he was a Chartist member, but was unseated, as he had not the property qualification then necessary, the abolition of which was one of the six points of the "Chartist" programme.

He chiefly distinguished himself by his attitude with regard to the Duke of Wellington's funeral, saying in the House of Commons that the money might have been more creditably spent than on "the pageantry, parade, and pomp of a public funeral." He thought all this "wore the aspect of impiety—it was man paying almost idolatrous worship to the clay of his fellow worm."

Being a Member of Parliament, he went to see the lying-in-state at Chelsea. "He did so from no idle curiosity, but for the purpose of observation and reflection; but he confessed, when he looked upon all its pomp, the feeling in his mind was only one of deep disgust. It was nothing more than a solemn mockery."

As Mr. Carter was eighty-nine at the time of his death, he must have remembered the Coronations of George III., George IV., William IV., Victoria, and Edward VII. One wonders whether he was as much distressed by the pageantry of these functions, and of the late Queen's obsequies, as he was by the funeral of the Iron Duke.

STOCK EXCHANGE APPREHENSIONS.

The New Year has commenced on the stock markets in anything but auspicious fashion. The fears of war in the Far East seemed to give place to certainty in the minds of the dealers, and so the markets on Saturday were nervous and weak.

Most of the leading dealers, not satisfied with Friday's holiday, stayed away, and so the Stock Exchange had a somewhat deserted appearance.

Moreover, those who were in their places on Saturday saw no reason why they should take stock which might be sold, and so prices were rather widely made towards the close, pending the appearance of the full body of dealers to-day.

The sales which disorganised the markets somewhat were on behalf of speculators for the fall. Of other business on Saturday there was very little to note.

The prospect of war resulted in Consols falling $\frac{1}{2}$ and closing at the lowest. Japanese bonds lost 3 points. Chinese bonds were 2 points above the previous close. These falls naturally depressed other sections.

The appearance of the new Local Loans issue was not altogether to the liking of the market, and did not help Consols, in which, by the way, the monthly settlement commences to-day. But the Local Loans issue was not altogether unexpected.

MESSAGE FROM PURGATORY.

DEAD MAN'S "SPIRIT" SUGGESTS
SUICIDE TO HIS WIDOW.

FRENCH SORCERESS'S ARREST.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Sunday Night.

A most extraordinary story is attached to the arrest at Marly-le-Roi of a certain Madame Martin. She had been on terms of close intimacy with the widow of a man of independent means, M. Chappuis. The widow died a few days ago, and the fact that she left all her money to Madame Martin caused suspicion to arise.

Inquiries have accordingly been made by the magistrates, and this is the astonishing tale that has become public.

M. and Madame Chappuis came from Brussels to Marly ten years ago. Two years ago M. Chappuis died. His widow was inconsolable. She remained indoors to weep, and only left the house when it was absolutely necessary. On the occasion of one of these infrequent excursions, she returned with a companion, a venerable, white-haired lady, Madame Martin.

The servant was told to go to bed, and to take no notice if she heard anything unusual in Madame Chappuis' room. The girl's curiosity was roused, and she listened. She heard an extraordinary kind of song, low, monotonous, and awe-inspiring, proceeding from her mistress's chamber.

These mysterious transactions were renewed weekly, and finally Madame Martin and her husband, an old man of eighty, took a house in the same street. Every night now the strange chant was heard from nightfall to dawn.

A Mystic Scene.

One evening the servant, unable longer to control her curiosity, came down softly from her room, and through a crevice witnessed a mystic scene.

Two tables were disposed in the form of an altar, on them burned large shaded candles. On one table, seated in an armchair, and clothed in white, was Madame Martin. She seemed asleep; at her foot was a censer, from which rose a bluish smoke. Some little distance away knelt Madame Chappuis, her arms crossed, in an attitude of devotion.

Words slowly came from the lips of Madame Martin.

"The soul of your husband," she murmured, "is entering me. He is now talking by my mouth. He asks you to have confidence in all he tells you through me."

"Consent," said Madame Chappuis, in a trembling voice.

The servant watched night after night, with the more interest because she learned from neighbours that Madame Martin had been a spiritualist "medium" in Belgium, and had edited spiritualistic papers. Sometimes the spirits of the great dead were invoked—Cæsar, Napoleon, Galen, and Hippocrates. Once Mesmer and Cagliostro were called to give advice on points of medicine. But almost invariably was the dead husband who was brought to speak to his credulous and mourning widow.

Message from the Dead.

One night last December the servant heard Madame Martin chant—

"It is thy husband. I am in purgatory and my deliverance will not take place till you have rejoined me. The spirits have decided that you will not see the end of 1903. You must quit the earth before Christmas. But first make your will in favour of the good Madame Martin, who has so consoled you. Leave her everything you possess. Come quickly. I am waiting. When the moment arrives your heart will burst towards me like a ripe fruit."

Then the voice, after a moment's silence, went on—

"Take the flagon you see. Split it on the censer and breathe the fumes. Be sure and destroy the bottle so that no trace remains. Farewell. Soon to meet, my adored wife."

On the 21st December the provisions in the house ran out. Madame Chappuis said it was useless to buy more. "Soon," she said, "I shall want no more." The next day she fainted in the servant's arms, and died.

When, on the statements of the servant, Madame Martin was arrested, she affected profound astonishment; but on searching her she found the examining magistrate found the remains of the glasses used in the séances, and a large quantity of spiritualistic literature, drugs, etc.

The questions that will have to be decided are—

- (1) "Did Madame Martin administer poisonous drugs?"
- (2) "Did Madame Chappuis commit suicide by suggestion?"
- (3) "Was her end merely hastened by emotion?"

SWISS DUTY ON A PACKING CASE.

It is not generally known that all goods imported into Switzerland pay tariff on the gross weight, including package.

A short time ago a British firm sent a care-machine packed bicycle to that country. The machine arrived without a flaw, and was voted perfect, but when the duty came to be reckoned up it was found that the packing case had paid more duty than the bicycle itself!

It is one of the principal complaints in Switzerland about British goods that they are often unsuitably or badly packed.

END OF A LOVE AFFAIR.

Deserted Girl Takes Poison After
Receiving a Letter.

Melancholy and singular circumstances surrounded the suicide of Ethel Maud Bilham, living in Hamlet-gardens, Ravenscourt Park, on whom an inquest was held on Saturday.

The young woman had been employed in a dressmaker's establishment, and for some months her parents lost sight of her. When she reappeared last June she gave out that she was married, but her father had never seen the supposed husband.

To the servant at Hamlet-gardens, where she was known as Mrs. Bilham, the unhappy girl stated that her husband was a commercial traveller and was then in America, where he was "crossing the prairies in a bullock cart." Last Tuesday she had a telegram signed "Harold," and a letter followed.

This put her in a hysterical state. She threw off her wedding ring, screamed that she was married, and went out, saying she was going to Kensington to see her supposed husband and his real wife. When she returned she said she had not been able to see them, and talked wildly of buying a Skye terrier, so that she could have something to love her.

A Cruel Deception.

The same evening the girl took a dose of oxalic acid she had bought at a chemist's.

The letter received on Tuesday afternoon was read by the coroner as follows:—

"Dear Mr. Dear Girl—I have not written you because it is not easy to tell you you are right. I must give you up and go back to my duties to dear Mr. Dear Girl. I beg you, dear, to forgive me. I am going to Manchester, and will come to see you on Thursday or Friday. I want to make arrangements to take care of your future. Thanks much for your letter, the noble side of your nature was shining through it all. I think you know me well enough to know I can explain better than writing a long letter.—HAROLD."

The telegram referred to simply read: "Have written you. Await letter." The coroner remarked that the girl had evidently pressed the man to break the connection with her. It was a great effort, as she was evidently attached to him, and when his letter came she was greatly upset.

It appeared that after the girl's death a letter enclosing £5 was received from a third party through whom, it appeared, "Harold" always sent money to Miss Bilham. A verdict of suicide during temporary insanity was returned.

A FIVE-TOED HORSE.

On Which Our Pre-Historic Ancestors
May Have Ridden.

Professor Ray Lankester's third "Lecture to Children" on extinct animals was given on Saturday to an audience nine out of ten of whom were grown-up people. The lecture was, too, a little over the children's heads.

The few boys and girls present were, however, very much amused when they heard that a horse's knee is really his ankle, and that his shoe is really on his toe, and that once upon a time all horses had five toes. A five-toed horse was shown on the screen.

"It was about the size of a Newfoundland dog," said the professor, and he gave its name, something in five or six syllables. Sometimes even now a horse is born with three toes, like his remote ancestor. Another animal shown on the screen was the rhinoceros.

"I want you to notice his horn," said the professor. "It is rather important to know that it really is a horn, and not a bone; the horn only rests on a bone so when the rhinoceros gets a dreadful blow on his horn and knocks it off, the bone is not hurt a bit."

Eagerly a piping voice asked, "Does it hurt the rhino?"

"It does," said the professor, and all the children laughed; they were so pleased to find a joke at last.

This course of lectures is attended by many teachers, who take copious notes, so during the next school term many children who cannot go to the Royal Institute will get the information second-hand.

HOMELESS WOMAN AND SACRILEGE.

On a charge of stealing an altar rail cloth, linen banner covers, and other property belonging to the Roman Catholic Cathedral at Westminster, a woman of sixty-two, named Mary Reaney, was remanded by Mr. Sheil on Saturday.

She was seen by the sacristan carrying off the articles. She said she had been walking the streets in the cold for three nights, and had vainly appealed to a priest for help.

PRINCESS CHRISTIAN'S BOUNTY.

"Princess Christian drove off amid the blessings of the Merry Wives of Windsor and the chorings of their enchanted offspring," telegraphs our correspondent in the royal borough, with reference to her Royal Highness's share in Saturday afternoon's doings at the Crèche established by the Princess at Brunswick House, in the King's-road.

It was the annual entertainment given to the mothers and the children that provoked this tribute to Princess Christian's goodness of heart. All Saturday afternoon her Royal Highness had distributed gifts of warm clothing or waited on the little ones and their mothers at the bounteous "tea" that had been provided.

NATURE AND THE CAMERA.

Unique Exhibition of Wild Bird
Life in Bond Street.

Every lover of nature knows how Messrs. Richard and Cherry Kearton have secured picture after picture of wild bird and beast with patience and their cameras. At 175, New Bond-street, an exhibition of these photographs, devoted to British wild birds, is now on view.

Each afternoon at three, and in the evening at eight o'clock (excepting Wednesday and Friday next), Mr. Richard Kearton expatiates most interestingly on a series of nature-slides thrown on the screen by his brother.

To watch this succession of startlingly vivid pictures is to get on intimate terms with the tiny willow-wren, to become privy to her marvellous manoeuvres to enter her nest unobserved, and a sympathetic sharer in the warm welcome home extended by her five open-mouthed offspring perched on a lichened bough.

Cock Robin was surely favourite enough before, but Mr. Kearton must throw a new and charming light on his character in exhibiting a male redbreast, who, having fed his sitting-hen to the rim, so to speak, proceeding in the friendliest manner, to a neighbouring nest of callow song-thrushes, into whose open beaks he drops the appetising worm.

The ring-dove drinking, the snipe covering her brood, a ring-dottrel—the only bird the cuckoo cannot dupe—indignantly tapping at a wooden egg placed by the naturalists in her nest, the owl waking up, the adder basking, a bunch of young spiders in mid-air, scattering to the four winds at an alarm signal—no creature is too rare, too timid, too inaccessible for the indefatigable brothers.

Many are the devices that they employ. For the moorland birds they make use of a sheep skin, the fleece and head, perfectly natural in appearance, but its hollow interior concealing the camera, from which protrudes a long piping connected with the pneumatic shutter, worked from a distance.

Covered with rushes, behind leaf-screened tents, up to the neck in mud, or swinging in blood-curdling fashion over the face of a precipice, these photographic results are a monument of patience, beautiful as pictures, and, as glimpses into wild life, a revelation.

ELECTION FIGHT IN DEVON.

Free Fooders Board Protectionist Platform
and Hoist Their Own Flag.

"Drake he was a Devon man," sings Mr. Newbolt, and Mid-Devon seems as Drakeish as need be, even at this late hour of the day. For on Saturday night a storming party of Liberals boarded a Tariff Reform meeting, held at Newton Abbot, in connection with the Mid-Devon by-election, and so spiked the enemy's guns that the proceedings came to a sudden close amid a shower of flower-pots and other articles of vertu and utility that had been strewn around the platform.

The enemy's maindeck being successfully stormed, the Liberal flag was hoisted at the peak, and a vote of confidence was passed in Mr. Eve, the Liberal candidate, amid a scene of wild enthusiasm.

The quaint chronicle of this Saturday night's enterprise concludes with the remark that "a large number of persons suffered facial disfigurement, and many heads were seen bandaged after the meeting had broken up."

Rear-Admiral Sir John Hext, the commander of the Tariff Reform forces, got the ladies of the party safely ashore—or rather out of the hall—before the fun began.

Three-Cornered Fight at Gateshead.

The Gateshead by-election, it is now decisively agreed, will be the richer for a Labour candidate, in addition to the Unionist, special Independent, and Liberal contestants, the latter of whom is a Trade Unionist working-man candidate himself.

Mr. G. N. Barnes, of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, and Mr. Philip Snowden, of the I.L.P., are spoken of as likely candidates.

GIFT TO KING'S COLLEGE HOSPITAL.

Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son have made a donation of £1,000 to the removal fund of King's College Hospital, London, with a promise of a similar sum next year, in addition to the site of twelve acres already presented by the Hon. W. F. D. Smith, M.P.

NUMBER 15,418 M.

Scotland Yard, it appears, numbers and letters people whose acquaintance the great detective headquarters desires to perpetuate. A news-vendor was brought up at Southwark Police Court for having in his possession counterfeit shillings; and notification was made that he was entered at Scotland Yard as "15,418 M."

BRISTOL'S DUES FROM TOBACCO.

A sum of over three million pounds sterling was collected at the Port of Bristol in 1903 by the Customs authorities, this sum being exceeded only by London and Liverpool. Of the total, tobacco duties yielded £2,300,000, an increase of £300,000 upon the previous year.

THE TEST MATCH.

MR. R. E. FOSTER ORDERED BY
HIS DOCTOR TO RETIRE.

RAIN INTERFERES WITH PLAY.

Misfortune continues to dog the footsteps of the M.C.C. team which is engaged in the second Test Match, at Melbourne, against All Australia. Mr. Bosanquet and Arnold were prevented by injuries from playing at all, and now Mr. R. E. Foster, whose brilliant innings of 287 practically won the first Test game, at Sydney, for England, has been taken with a chill, and will retire no further.

Play on Saturday was impossible before lunch owing to the rain, and when it was resumed the bowlers had the advantage, except for a brilliant fifty minutes' batting by Tydesley and Braund.

Four more wickets, however, fell before the tea interval. No play was possible afterwards owing to further rain, and stumps were drawn with the score at 306 for six wickets. Score:—

ENGLAND.	
P. F. Warner, c. Duff, b. Trumble	68
Hayward, c. Gregory, b. Hopkins	58
Tydesley, not out	97
R. E. Foster, retired	287
Braund, c. Howell, b. Trumble	20
Knight, b. Howell	2
C. L. Davey, c. Noble, b. Trumble	7
Rhodes, lbw, b. Trumble	2
Extras	3

Total (for seven wickets) 306

A cable from Melbourne yesterday stated that rain had fallen heavily all Saturday night, and was still coming down.

A BETTER OUTLOOK.

Melbourne, Monday, Jan. 4. 3.25 a.m.

The weather is still showery, but shows signs of moderation.—Reuter's Special.

HOCKEY, LACROSSE, AND FOOTBALL.

Hockey teams representing Gloucestershire and Somersetshire contested a match on a somewhat uneven ground at Bristol on Saturday, when Gloucestershire won by 2 goals to 1. The Gloucestershire forwards, particularly, being very wild. A. J. Gait, L. Talbot, and C. L. Davey, the Gloucestershire forwards, were perhaps the three most prominent players on the field. The home team generally had the better of the exchanges. Butland (3), Cheales, and Smith were responsible for the winners' goals, and Barton and Rutherford each scored for Somersetshire.

In spite of the decline of Woodford, the leading lacrosse club in the county, Essex, contrived to beat Kent in the lacrosse match which took place at Leyton on Saturday. It was, however, an exceedingly close game, and it was only near the end that Essex made certain of victory by scoring twice in rapid succession—a performance which enabled them to win by 10 goals to 7. The home side were cleverer than Kent in this especially near goal.

The most surprising result in the League football games played on Saturday was provided by Small Heath, who although at the bottom of the First Division table, played a drawn game of one goal each with Sheffield United at Bramall Lane, Sheffield Wednesday, at Middlesbrough by a goal to nil, and Aston Villa proved victorious over Sunderland by 2 goals to nil.

In the Second Division the two clubs, Huddersfield North End and Woolwich Arsenal, both played drawn games, the Arsenal at Blackpool, and Preston on their own ground against the North End. Bolton Wanderers gained a runaway victory over Burnley Port Vale by 5 goals to 0.

In the Southern League, Luton, the only unbeaten side in the three leading competitions, defeated Southampton, last season's champions, by a goal to nil.

MANCHESTER RACES—LORD COVENTRY'S VICTORY

Owing to fog little could be seen of the racing at Manchester on Saturday afternoon along the far side of the course.

Piggott, who rode three winners on Friday, was on the favourite Farside in the opening race, the Castle Steeplechase, but had to put up with the third place, Blackbird winning all the way. Porcelain performed badly in the Saturday Selling, which was won by Lord Luck, despite being hampered in the run-in. Mr. Gosford's gelding giving 110 guineas for her.

This led up to the principal race, the Trafford Park Hurdle, in which the pace was dreadfully slow, considering the good going. The favourite was Hazel Slade, who was also long fancied by his connections, but who, although he was in the race, was fatal to the last-named when he had to make the running—a disastrous proceeding to him. He led up to the last hurdle, where Hazel Slade was in distress, but failed to stall off the well-timed effort of Hogarth, who scored a popular victory for Lord Coventry.

Race. Winner. Price.
Castle Chase (5) Blackbird J. Phillips 4 to 1
Saturday Hurdle (11) Hazel Luck Mr. Harrington to 1
Trafford Park Hurdle (11) Hogarth J. Garrett 11 to 4
Cliff Chase (4) Guerrilla J. Phillips 2 to 1
January Chase (6) Railoff P. Mason. 3 to 1
Addick Chase (9) T. Bissell T. Bissell 4 to 1
(The figures in parentheses indicate the number of starters.)

HARDY ATHLETES.

Ice-bound fads and adamantian roads had no terrors for the cross country footracing fraternity on Saturday.

Highbate (Southern champions) and Finchley Harriers (the ex-champions) combined their forces for the district point-to-point steeplechase, taking as near a bee line as possible from Bowes Park to Weststone. J. R. Muncer, of the Finchley Harriers, was the victor, and was followed by three Highbate Harriers in A. G. Horne, J. Binks, the one mile ex-champion and record holder, and T. Johnson, who arrived in the nick of time, and was in distress.

Malden, Kingston, and Buckingham Harriers brought off a five miles inter-team race at Malden. A strong contingent of South London Harriers, resolute in their determination to have thrown in their lot with the Malden Club, that organisation naturally won. Three prominent South Londoners in P. A. Cassley, F. A. Knott, and W. H. Clark led the leading places. Cassley led throughout, and won by eight yards in 31min. 5sec.

Blackheath and South London Harriers met at Blackheath. T. C. Davis, of the home pack, finished first; R. P. Miers, of the Cambridge University Harriers and Harriers, was second; and the Cambridge Harriers, in J. H. Blackstaffe, of the South London Harriers, was third, in the half-mile race, with which the combined run concluded.

Thames Valley Harriers beat Epsom Harriers in a five miles inter-team race by three points at Barnes. B. W. Channell (Epsom) finished twenty yards ahead of the junior ex-champion F. J. Steadman (Epsom) in 30min. 5sec. D. F. McNeil, of the Thames Valley team, was third.

A SPEEDY YOUNG RUNNER.

Eight thousand foot-racing enthusiasts saw the concluding stages of the 130 yards New Year's handicap at Powderhall Grounds, Edinburgh, on Saturday.

Muir, of Lanark, a twenty-two year old, was strongly favoured for the final. With 14yd. start he justified his friends' confidence, and won the first prize of £80, but only with a foot to spare.

ENGLAND'S SHAME.

THE CRIME AGAINST THE CHILDREN.

VIII.—PARLOUS PLIGHT OF THE UNEMPLOYED BOYS IN THE EAST END.

By ROBERT H. SHERARD.

"The difficulty about the employment of children in the East End of London," said Father Thomas, "is that there is no occupation for boys as a class—absolutely nothing for boys.

"Girls are waiting anxiously for the clock to strike which frees them at the age of fourteen and allows them to get to work, these in the match-works, these in the rope-yards, these in the cake-factories. Independence looks them in the face.

"But there is nothing for the boys. They leave school soft-handed and utterly ignorant of anything likely to help to earn the smallest wage.

In the East End there are few artisans and few mechanics. In any case the unions will not admit outside boys. The unions are closely protected. Indeed, the unions, as Father Thomas put it, "are the last word of protection."

One cannot even get a lad, on his leaving school, a job to mix mortar. That is to say, if he be not in some way connected with the union. Carrying bricks is considered skilled labour by the bricklayers, and unless the boy is the son or the nephew of a union bricklayer, or is patronised by some charitable neighbour with his attaches in the union, it is useless to propose him for the work.

"The best chance is to get a boy on to the railway vans. The vanboys sit behind to prevent things being stolen. Such boys earn six shillings a week."

"We have all seen the little fellows. The professional name for work of this kind is "nipping." It is highly unhealthy work, owing to the constant exposure to the weather. I have seen more miserable faces—consumption, incipient or developed, written over them in large letters—amongst the "nippers" than amongst any other class of boys.

Loafers at Fourteen.

"Then, sometimes a boy may get a job as a messenger. A chemist may take a boy, a grocer may take a boy, a barber may take a boy. But the boy is learning nothing. There is no future for him in the work, no prospect. When he gets bigger and wants more money a younger lad is called in and he is turned off. He doesn't become a chemist or a grocer because he is working at such a shop."

"Except the barber's boy," I said.

"Certainly not. The barber doesn't teach the boy to become a barber. He only lets the boy lather, and that only on Saturdays and Sundays." "And," I said, "naturally prefers the smallest boy he can get. Would rather have a boy still attending school. I have recently noted a case of a boy of twelve who works forty hours a week at a barber's shop and earns 2s. 6d. His mother takes two and threepence of these wages and allows him threepence."

"It is just on account of this competition by small children that lads after they leave school are forced upon the streets. If the sweating of school-children were interdicted by law, the proportions of what Father Thomas called 'the huge loafing class' would be singularly reduced. As it is, 'boys start loafing at the age of fourteen.'"

The remedy which was suggested in the course of his conversation was that after they leave school boys ought to be taught technically. "Government workyards would solve the problem of the loafer."

It would not be very long before the boy would be earning something by his labour, and as small a sum as three shillings would suffice for his keep." So Father Thomas, who has reared thousands of boys.

Saving Up for Beer.

A walk in the neighbourhood of this Mission—that is to say, in Bow Common—will confirm the observer as to the various causes to which we owe the miserable condition of our poor children in the East End.

It must be pointed out, however, that here it is poverty or greed, and not the alien, that causes the dreadful overcrowding, which, as we all admit, is the main reason of our national degeneration.

There are no aliens in Bow Common, but as some rooms can be got in this district for a shilling a week parents prefer to house themselves and their children for that sum and to keep the rest for beer. One finds ten or twelve heaped up in a shilling or ninepenny room.

The children are all young, for as soon as a girl begins to earn five or six shillings a week at the factories, her parents tell her she had better cut out of it. She will cut out of it and rent a slip-room for herself, often "going mates" with another girl of her own age—comradeships which often last a lifetime.

The boys have no such resources until their strength comes. In this dreadful neighbourhood marriages take place so early that one may describe them as "child-marriages." The result to the race needs no pointing out.

In no part of London can one better con-

vince oneself how entirely it is due to the sloth and ignorance of mothers that the children are starved. In no part of London is food more cheap.

"I have seen myself," said Father Thomas, "Australian meat offered for sale round here at twopenny or threepenny a pound. Indeed, on Saturday nights in the summer, when the hawkers prefer to sell their meat off rather than risk losing it by keeping it over till Monday, I have heard them shouting out, 'Here you are! Anywhere you like! A penny a pound!'"

Where it is possible to buy a leg of mutton weighing seven pounds for sevenpence there should be no need for any complaint about "defective nutrition." But your East End woman won't cook. She wastes the meat. She gets what she calls a "log of meat" and puts it down before her miserable hearth and lets it burn.

In the hands of a French or Belgian housewife this "log of meat" would last a week and would be served up in many appetising ways.

But why should the housewife trouble about "logs of meat" at all, when there are so many shops where faggots can be had—strong, tasty faggots at a halfpenny each?

The faggot is a handful of strong, evil-

smelling remnants of pork and other offal, very rich and tickling to the palate. If you take a basin to the faggot shop, they will serve your faggot in it and fill the basin up to the top with hot gravy, and all for one penny.

This, with bread, is enough for the family, and see what they save. Between the cost of a faggot hot, with gravy, and a leg of mutton, there is 6d., and 6d. means three pints of four-ale. That drink is the curse of the East End has been repeated to me to satiety.

The reason why the beer does harm to these wretched people is that owing to bad food and miserable surroundings they are in so low a state of health that they cannot resist a liquor which contains very little more alcohol than the gingerbeer of the teetotallers.

In the old days there used to be much making of matchboxes in this particular part of London, but since the passing of the new Factory Act, said Father Thomas, this has almost entirely been swept away.

I came across, however, several of these miserable little factories in the district. One had but to follow one's nose to find them. The smell of the sour paste is a sure guide. We will look into some of these wretched home industries next.

WAR CORRESPONDENT'S DIVERSIONS.

A CLEVER AND INTERESTING COLLECTION OF STORIES AND POEMS.

BETWEEN THE ACTS. By H. W. Nevins. (John Murray. 9s.)

"The pleasantest times in a drama are generally between the acts," says Mr. Nevins, the well-known war correspondent, in his preface; and that gives us the key common to the otherwise miscellaneous articles, stories, and verses of which this charming volume is compiled. They represent things that have happened either to the author himself, or in his imagination, in the intervals of a strenuous and adventurous life which has, we are glad to say, as yet barely reached its meridian.

It is difficult, and it would be impertinent, to try to disentangle the true autobiography in these pages from the autobiography of the mind which they all represent. But the wonderful account of old-fashioned family prayers in the first chapter, and the charming and intimate study of school days at Shrewsbury, may at least be taken as milestones in Mr. Nevins's own life.

But what will interest most readers in this volume are the short stories, of which, perhaps, the cleverest is "Gaudemus Igitur," and the deepest and most human "A Little Honey." In the first Mr. Nevins describes, with merciless exactness, the life of a smug German professor of Christian ethics, who is entirely contented with his fat existence, and with the place in which he finds himself, where "the neat little paths laid down among the hills and pine forests enabled the stoutest citizen to wander from beer-house to beer-house without fatigue or fear of losing his way."

The sudden plunge of this self-satisfied creature into the sordid surroundings in which he finds a woman for whose downfall he has been in part responsible gives Mr. Nevins an opportunity for exhibiting a naked force and truthfulness which seem startling enough in his kindly pages.

Pathos, Satire and Cynicism.

In the other story Mr. Nevins describes the tragic dilemma of a man who, on leaving the woman he loved to go to make his fortune, is within a few days compelled by circumstances (which we will leave our readers to discover for themselves) to marry a woman whom he does not love at all. She dies within five years, and he returns to his first love, to whom in his heart he has been faithful; and the scene of explanation between them, neither able to blame the other, but both conscious of the bottomless gulf into which their happiness has fallen, is set forth with admirable delicacy and restraint.

An excellent character study is that entitled "A Don's Day," which will appeal to those whose misfortune it has ever been to know the kind of creature, possessed of a shrinking priggishness, and yet capable at a pinch of austerity and heroism, of whom this is a story.

"The Pinnacle of Fame" is almost the only fragment of cynicism which Mr. Nevins allows himself. It reveals a clever but commonplace and happy husband and wife, across whose path is thrown for one moment the tragic shadow of a woman for whom there is no happiness, and whose surroundings are uncongenial beyond all hope of improvement. This story gives Mr. Nevins a chance for one of his infrequent epigrams, when, to the question, "What woman does a man love best?" he furnishes the reply: "The nearest."

The verses with which the volume is pleasantly diversified are not always so good as the prose, but they are always pleasant and sometimes show Mr. Nevins in the character of a true poet.

"A Woman's Work and How to Lighten It" is a new work by Mrs. Langmaid to be published shortly by Mr. Eliot Stock, with a preface by Canon Thompson. It aims at helping and encouraging women who have the charge of small households to do their work cheerfully and efficiently.

YORKSHIRE "KAIL-YARD" SKETCHES.

NEW FIELD OPENED BY A NOVELIST UNKNOWN TO FAME.

IDYLLS OF YORKSHIRE DALES. By John Craven. (Green-lane. 6s.)

At the first sight one shudders somewhat at the prospect of the "kail-yard" school spreading south, though, indeed, there is hardly a county from Devonshire to Durham that has not its kail-yard in full bloom already. Mr. Craven's "Idylls of Yorkshire Dales" are, however, dangerously closely related to the stock that was raised across the border. They are all about a "stickit minister" of a Yorkshire dale, about the excitement of his sturdy parishioners when he married, about their consternation at the necessity for raising his salary to something over £120 a year, and, last, but not least, about the reason why he was able to stay with them upon the old terms—upon which matter we will leave Mr. Craven to convince his readers.

One cannot deny the fact that, "kail-yard" or no, these "Idylls" are well worth reading. They are natural, full of the poetry of common life, and they are about a minister merely because the minister is really an all-important person in the Yorkshire dales, and it is to be doubted if a thousand neat and never-profaned parlours—with lace antimacassars on the chairs and wax flowers in the windows—are not kept practically sacred to his visitations.

Maxims of the Moors.

Above all, one cannot but praise Mr. Craven's language. It is unstrained and intelligible. It is "native" only where, by being "native," it can teach Mr. Murray and his Oxford dictionary a lesson of music and of meaning, and it is especially valuable in its enormous wealth of homely maxims, such as are peculiarly prone to thrive on Yorkshire soil.

"We must leave room for faith aen't that say?" remarked Moses Hill. "We mustn't stuff our pillows with gorse. There's a road round every crag 'at I've seen yet."

Some of Mr. Craven's descriptions have quite a magic of suggestion. They tell a whole story in a sentence.

"That's James, I see. He'll be coming for Lucy," said the farmer's wife.

"Yes; he looks tired," replied Mr. Peate. "He's working for Mr. Heath just now. Three miles, and mostly a rise, an' after a long day. It finds a young man, even. Helen favours him as much as ever, I do believe. Look! She watches him step by step. I don't know that girl. Her mind's her kingdom, an' she keeps us outside."

If only we had a few more story-tellers—even "kail-yard" ones—who could introduce a character with such simple ease! It is that sort of thing that "finds" the novelist.

IRELAND AS RAIN CATCHER.

England May Ask this Service of the Green Isle.

Ireland has so many grievances already that it would seem beyond the ingenuity of man to invent another.

And yet Mr. John Henry Knight, of Barfield, makes an effort in that direction.

He wishes Ireland—and Cornwall—to be made to act as rain-catchers for England. By planting all the waste places in Western Ireland with trees Mr. Knight believes that "in fifteen or twenty years these would draw off the rain from the clouds rolling in from the Atlantic, and our English climate would be drier."

Poor Ireland! What has she done that she should be put any more "under the weather"? Already it rains in the West almost every day. Can it rain any more copiously than it does at present in Kerry?

There would be advantages in the plan for England. As Mr. Knight points out, wet seasons have caused great loss. Holidays have been "spoilt or given up," and meadows, gardens, and basements of houses flooded.

Mr. Knight does not remember the water famines in East London during the dry years.

ANCIENT AND MODERN.

FAMOUS PICTURES IN THE WINTER EXHIBITION AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

How many visitors to the Old Masters Exhibition, which opens to-day, I wonder have their pleasure poisoned by fear of expert opinion, and read their paper in the morning with misgivings lest the enthusiasm that swelled their breasts in presence of that fine Titian were a spurious enthusiasm before a spurious Titian.

For myself, I always try to find, at any rate, one picture of doubtful antecedents that I may be able to admire, for, after all, "the test of quality," as Mr. Berenson calls it, which is almost the last test of genuineness the art detectives care to apply, is the only one that concerns the general public.

Enjoy a picture for the fine qualities that it really possesses, and it matters little whether it were done by the world-famous master or by one of his immediate entourage in an inspired moment, nor am I consoled for the dulness of an uninspired work by its possession of all the autographic earmarks of the great man.

Two Sculptors.

Five galleries of paintings and two of sculpture and drawings is the extent of the exhibition; but from these deductions are to be made. Room II. is entirely filled with the cheapest of claptrap by a painter who may be considered, it is true, of considerable cleverness, but in the days of Sargent hardly of remarkable cleverness—I mean Sir Thomas Lawrence. There could hardly be a more deplorable exhibition of vulgarity than is presented by the two large portraits flanking the door, representing respectively Lady Hamilton and Mrs. Angerstein, and the whole room is to be avoided by the delicately tuned.

Room Number 5, moreover, given over to pictures by recently deceased Academicians, is one to which lovers of art will scarcely need to penetrate. The quality of recent work by Academicians is more favourably shown in the sculpture rooms, where there is work by the late Mr. Onslow Ford and the late Mr. Harry Bates.

By the former a study of a horse—careful in detail, unintentionally eccentric in proportions—together with various busts and statuettes, sufficiently show him as a modest, conscientious worker, refined and well-meaning, but never very powerful. Harry Bates, on the other hand, had distinctly something of native genius in him.

Knockers Wrenched Away.

There is a terra-cotta bust by Conrad Meil, lent by his Majesty the King that recalls the clever, and often artistically admirable, forged antiques of Bastianini, and innumerable shiny black statuettes in glass cases run round those rooms, which the public will eye with something like terror. They are right, on the whole. In several instances dealers would seem to have scented the coming millionaire and unloaded accordingly. There are good things to be discovered, however, particularly in applied art door knockers and inkstands, and the like. The better an object of applied art is, though—the more inevitably designed for its purpose—the more forlorn it seems divorced from that purpose.

Probably these knockers might still be rapping on splendid, but out-of-the-way, old doors but for the enthusiasm of the collector. Oh! the detestable race, that would give us a world shorn of art in its everyday life, and, instead of houses, museums.

Among the Primitives.

To return to our pictures, which are the staple of the exhibition, the first wall you look at will probably also be the last, for there is nothing finer than the early Flemish pictures hung there. No. 1 is a delightful Memling, recalling the panels of the Bruges Shrine of St. Ursula, but finer in painting. Alongside are a stunning "St. Clement and Donor," most picturesque and of intense individuality; and an interesting miniature by Clouet.

On the other hand, I can see nothing but overdone sentimentality and hideous colour in the large tondo ascribed to Filippino Lippi. Compare it with the beautiful and sincere Filippino Lippi alongside. An interesting picture ascribed to Botticelli, and having some of his qualities, and a picturesque Crivelli are among the other attractions of this room of the primitives into which a cloyingly sweet head ascribed to Gorgione has crept unawares. No. 36 is the best of an admirable series of panels by Veronese, who stands the neighbourhood of the primitives better than any painter of his time.

Of Later Date.

In the big room a magnificent feast of colour of the sensuous Venetian character is offered by the Bonifacio lent by Mr. Kerr-Lawson. Velasquez is represented by his Moorish portrait, virile and lusty, but quite without the distinction we think of in connection with him. There is, furthermore, a Rembrandt, lacking many of the qualities that are most precious in Rembrandt.

Vandyck's double Stuart portrait is full of distinguished and noble frippery, and there are a couple of double portraits by Romney and Sir Joshua respectively, in each of which the woman is commonplace and the child delightful. Lawrence's "Pope Pius VII." is unusually good.

W. B.



A LINK WITH NAPOLEON BROKEN.

The King and the Duke of Fife walked to Sandringham Church yesterday morning, and the Queen, looking wonderfully well, in black and wearing handsome furs, drove with the Duchess of Fife and Princess Victoria. The Prince and Princess of Wales and Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark, who were also at church, joined their Majesties and returned with them to Sandringham House.

We all know that our Queen is greatly interested in art, and herself an accomplished painter, but it may not be generally known that her Majesty has an album to which distinguished artists in various countries have contributed; in some cases the Queen honours an artist in whom she takes a special interest with an invitation to contribute, an invitation which, it is needless to say, is coveted as a marked honour, the more so as it sometimes takes the shape of an autograph note from the Queen.

Although the King of Denmark's indisposition is not in the very least of an alarming nature, it will necessitate his Majesty remaining perhaps a week or so at Grinløkken beyond what was originally arranged, and in Copenhagen it has caused considerable alarm. The Crown Prince has, however, done his best to allay the anxiety by visiting the theatres two or three times. It was feared that this indisposition might be traceable to a kidney affection, which has now and again troubled the King, whose constitution is, otherwise, perfectly marvellous, but it has luckily proved to be nothing but lumbago.

The news of the engagement of the Count of Turin and Princess Louise d'Orleans has given great pleasure to the members of both their families. It is a case of the brave doing the fair, for the Count is a very fine fellow indeed, an Arctic explorer, handsome and gallant; and the Princess, blue-eyed and bright-haired, is even prettier, although not quite so stately, as her sister, the Duchesse d'Aosta. As children, both the Duchesse d'Aosta and Princess Louise were well known and liked at Twickenham. For the former the late Duke of Clarence, as a lad, entertained a keen *penchant*. A tender friendship has always existed since those days between Queen Alexandra and the Duchesse, and at the time of the King's serious illness they were constantly in one another's society.

The dull, cloudy morning turned out quite bright in time for Church Parade, the first Sunday in the New Year, but doubtless the mud and damp kept many away. Sir John and Lady Evelyn Cotterell were walking up and down, and Lady Vivian, who came with Lord Vivian, was wearing some very handsome and becoming white fox furs and a long white cloth sacque coat over her pale grey gown. Lady Angela Forbes, in grey, was with her husband. Mr. and Mrs. Claud Lambton were also out, and Lady Willshire, dressed in black with a good deal of creamy lace, came in later accompanied by her schoolboy son. Among others to be seen were Lady Parker, Mrs. Clifford Cory, Miss Agatha Thynne and her father, Lord Chesterfield, who has been spending Christmas at Warter Priory, Lord Greenock, Lord Rosslyn, Sir Eyre Shaw, Mr. Hugh Owen, Captain Claude Willoughby, Captain Spender-Clay, and Mr. Alfred de Rothschild.

Castle Connell was en fête on Saturday when Sir David and Lady Fraser (uncle and aunt of Lord Saltoun) celebrated their golden wedding, receiving congratulations from all parts of the kingdom and from abroad, while none of the good wishes sent them were heartier than those coming from their neighbours of all classes at Castle Connell, where they are so deservedly popular. It is a cooek place from the wedding of fifty years ago bride's early home, and which has been Sir David and Lady Fraser's residence since the former retired from the Army. It is beautifully situated on the upper Shannon, overlooking the famous stretch of water which attracts salmon fishers from all parts during the season. By-the-bye, the night before the present occupants were married, The Grange narrowly escaped being burnt to the ground. Fortunately the fire was discovered in time, and the close proximity of the river doubtless saved a catastrophe.

A good deal has been said lately about the passing of the "private view." Saturday's attendance at Burlington House seems to contradict these reports. During the morning, certainly, there were comparatively few people. Several of those who had lent works of art came to see how their treasures ality in the greetings. "A Happy New Year" sounded on all sides. Lady Alma Tadema, beautifully gowned in black velvet, was welcomed by many friends, and was also that most charming of portrait-painters, Miss Beatrice Bright. Lord and Lady Charles Beresford were chattered with the German Ambassador, who received many congratulations on the recent recovery of his royal master. The President

and Mr. Hamo Thornycroft were greatly interested in the bronzes lent by Mr. Pierpont Morgan. The Duchess of Buckingham came in with Lord Egerton of Tatton, the former wearing a gown of white cloth and a wonderful three-quarter coat of sables. The Archbishop of York, Lady Dorothy Nevill, Lady Hobhouse, Lord and Lady Knutsford, Lady Coutts Lindsay, Sir Seymour and Lady Blane, Lady Dyer, Sir William and Lady Crookes, Lady Besant, Sir Archibald Geikie, and Sir Frederick Haines were a few of those present.

The death of Princess Mathilde Bonaparte removes almost the last living link with the great Napoleon, for she was hardly a year old when a gun at sunset from St. Helena announced the death of the famous empire-maker. At this time the Princess was twenty-eighth in succession to the British Crown; at the accession of Queen Victoria only seven places removed; and was, of course, a cousin of our King. A truly grande dame, regal to her very finger-tips, she could, however, unbend, and was, in fact, the kindest and most charitable of women, devoted to all animals, especially dogs.



The Princess Mathilde Bonaparte, who died last Saturday.

She was the only daughter of the third brother of Napoleon I., and her mother was Princess Catherine of Wurtemberg, from whom Princess Mathilde inherited her lovely pink and white complexion and deep blue eyes. In her youth she was extremely beautiful, with quantities of rich brown hair and full scarlet lips, but she retained her good looks almost up to the last, and was an eminently beautiful old lady.

Her marriage to Anatole Demidoff, Prince of San Donato, was by no means a happy one, and after their separation the Princess came to live in Paris, and established her salon in the Rue de Courcelles. Here all who were prominent in literature, science, and the arts used to meet, and among her particular friends were Guy de Maupassant, Zola, Daudet, Théophile Gautier, and Flaubert. The Princess divided her time between her country home, the Château St. Gratien, and her house in the Rue du Berri, and it was at the latter that her death occurred.

In the De Goncourts' indiscreet diaries are many references to Princess Mathilde, for she was one of the most devoted friends of the two gifted brothers. For a Frenchwoman she was amazingly frank, and the story goes that on one occasion, in answer to someone who was deploring the Great Revolution, she said smiling, "No, frankly, I cannot regret what then took place. If there had been no Great Revolution I should now be selling oranges in the streets of Ajaccio!"

Princess Mathilde always refused to write her memoirs, but some years ago she published a quaint little biography of her favourite dog "Didi," observing in the preface, "This is a small monument to the worth of dogs, written in order not to leave unpraised that which, if humble, is true and brave."

The Duke of Norfolk, who has been spending Christmas at Everingham, with Lord and Lady Herries and his fiancée, is having extensive alterations made in the disposition of the rooms to be occupied by the new Duchess. The Duke is greatly beloved at Arundel, where he is very good to the poor of all denominations. He has a keen sense of humour. I remember a delightful thing he did at Brussels not so very long ago. He was standing outside the station, when a lady came out very hurriedly, and said to the first person she saw, who happened to be the Duke, "Fetch me a cab quickly, I shall miss my train at—" The Duke promptly did as he was told, and the grateful lady rewarded him with a ten sous piece! "The first money I have ever earned," said the Duke, telling the story afterwards, and he had it pierced and wore it for some time on his watch-chain.

A correspondent writes:—"Apropos of your paragraph in Saturday's issue of the fire at Lady De La Warr's house in Grosvenor-street, it may be interesting to recall how curiously a trinket was recovered by Lady Mary Sackville lost that night. When escaping from her room she threw her jewel case out of the window to a servant standing below. In the fall the lock broke, but only one jewel was missing, a single diamond attached to a slender chain which she always wore. A search was made again and again, but in vain. About a week later Lady Mary was walking

familiar with the cover of the "Sketch," which he designed. Mr. Sambourne does not look in the least like an artist, but what one would describe as a "typical country squire." He is, too, a very good, all-round sportsman, and particularly fond of hunting, boating, and fishing.

Mr. Stead, whose new organ, the "Daily Paper," appears to-day, tells in the "Wimbledon and Merton Annual" a good story at his own expense. It relates to the days when Mr. Morley was his chief and lived at Putney. A Blue-book had just come out on the eve of the first Egyptian campaign, and Mr. Stead thought Mr. Morley ought to see it without delay. "It was raining heavily, a veritable deluge," Mr. Stead was about to saddle his pony and gallop over to Mr. Morley, when his old father remonstrated against him going out in such a downpour:

"But I must," I replied (writes Mr. Stead). "Do you think," he asked, "that the course of events in Egypt depends upon whether you see Mr. Morley to-night or to-morrow morning?" "I don't know," I answered. "It might anyway, and I dare not lose the chance." "William," said the dear old man, "I sometimes wish that you would remember that God Almighty has reserved some share in the government of this world for Himself; you seem to think sometimes that He left it all to you."

The recent marriage of Lord Normanby recalls to mind the many members of our golden youth that have received their early education at his historic home, Mulgrave Castle. Among these may be mentioned the Duke of Leinster, Lord Caledon, and Lord de Clifford. The surroundings were luxurious, but the training simple in the extreme. Hampers were not allowed, and pocket-money was limited to half a crown a week. On the other hand, the marquis schoolmaster made friends with both boys and masters, dined with them, and allowed the older lads to join him in shooting over his estates. It is interesting to remember that Lord Normanby claims as his ancestor the inventor of the diving-bell.

Madame Melba came to London on Saturday and rested at her charming home (formerly the abode of Mrs. Hwfa Williams, in Great Cumberland-place) before leaving for Monte Carlo twenty-four hours later. Whilst at Monte Carlo she occupies the Villa le Nid, lent her by her friend, Laura Lady Wilton. *En attendant* preparations are advancing for the bringing out of "Helen and Paris," the new opera by M. Saint Saëns, and in which Madame Melba will assume the part of Helen for the first time on February 8.

Mme. Melba is a popular woman, both on and off the stage. Quite unaffected, she has all the graces and none of the airs which *prime-donne* are wont to give themselves. Unlike Patti, who lives for her voice, Melba cares not at all what she eats, drinks, or avoids, but leads a normal, healthy existence, enjoying herself reasonably. It is not easy to describe the charm of her manner, at once conventional and unconventional. You think of her first as a Bohemian, perhaps, and afterwards as a woman of the world. The nest she has taken unto herself in London is worthy so rare a bird, and the treasures it contains are without number.

In the summer she occupies "Quarry Wood," a pretty cottage near Maidenhead. Once, when singing an Ave Maria to her own accompaniment on the organ in a neighbouring village church, the Vicar entered—it was mid-day—and asked, much annoyed, who was disturbing the quiet of the church. "Mme. Melba!" replied a stranger, who had entered the church at the same time. "And pray who is Melba?" asked the irate parson. Melba loves that story.

The announcement of an engagement between Mr. Hylton Brisco and Miss Lillian King recalls a social romance of the sixties. The late Lord Egmont, then Mr. Percival and a young man of twenty-three, fell in love with Miss Lucy King, a pretty girl living in the country and by no means his equal in social position. He married her, and this "Lord of Burleigh" incident ended in the most fortunate manner. Lord and Lady Egmont lived the happiest of married lives for nearly thirty years, and entertained with quiet splendour in St. James's-place and at Cowdray Park, Sussex. But the marriage was a childless one, and many years ago Lady Egmont adopted her niece, Miss Lillian King, who is now engaged to her son and husband's nephew, the only son of Sir Musgrave Brisco.

Lady Biddulph of Ledbury, the wife of one of last year's new peers, is an enthusiast for temperance reform. She is engaged at present in an effort, which deserves entire sympathy, to get temperance teaching introduced into every school in the land. She urges that all children should be taught these five things:—

1. Alcohol is not a food.
2. It is not necessary to health and life.
3. It does not increase, but decreases, vital force.
4. Excessive use of it predisposes the body to disease and makes recovery more difficult.
5. The drink bill of England stands at £180,000,000 a year.

Lady Biddulph is an aunt of Lord Hardwicke, and was the widow of Henry Adeane, M.P., before she became the wife of Mr. Michael Biddulph in 1877.

down Grosvenor-street, when she saw something shining in the middle of the road. It was the lost diamond trinket!"

The birth of a daughter to Lord and Lady Linlithgow is especially welcome, as their only girl baby, born seven years ago, only survived her birth a short time. Their two sons, Lord Hopetoun and Lord Charles Hope, are respectively sixteen and eleven years old. The latter possesses in Melbourne, his second name, a reminder of his father's six years as Governor of Victoria. In the same way Lord and Lady Onslow's younger son has been called Huia, the New Zealand Maori name of nobility; while Lord and Lady Carrington's fourth daughter is Sydney Myee, the latter the name of the pretty native flower made fashionable by Lady Carrington in New South Wales. Lord and Lady Lamington also have perpetuated their connection with Australia by including Brisbane among the Christian names of their only son.

The most distinguished cartoonist of the day, Mr. Linley Sambourne, has his birthday to-day. Ever since 1867 he has been on the staff of "Punch," which he joined quite by accident. He was working in an engineer's office when some drawings of his were shown to Mark Lemon, the then editor of "Punch," who was so struck by their originality that he engaged the young man on the spot, and Mr. Sambourne has since worked under four editors on the paper. He is now the principal cartoonist of the "London Charivari," and several books have been delightfully illustrated by him, whilst everyone is

AMUSEMENTS.

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Preceded at 8.30 by SHADES OF NIGHT.
MATINEE WEDNESDAYS AND SATURDAYS, at 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S. MR. TREE.
To-night and every evening, at 8.15.
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450TH PERFORMANCE TO-NIGHT.
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MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER. ST. JAMES'S.
Mr. ALEXANDER will make his RE-APPEARANCE on MONDAY EVENING, Jan. 25, when the run of OLD HEIDELBERG will be resumed.

PERSONAL.

SILVER AND JEWELS bought for cash.—Cathpole and Williams, 510, Oxford-street, London, W., are prepared to purchase second-hand plate and jewels to any amount. Articles sent from the country receive immediate attention.

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SEGER'S.—The safe hair dye for home use.

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BIRTHS.

BUTLER.—On Wednesday, Dec. 30, at "The Gables," Somerset, by the Rev. Canon F. Sweet, brother of the bride, Thorpe, Norwich, the wife of Arthur Francis Butler, of a daughter.

DEEDS.—On Dec. 30, at Ivy, Virginia, U.S., the wife of Henry Granville Deeds, of a daughter.

FIRST.—On Dec. 26, at Walton House, Monmouth, Somerset, the wife of Lyndon F. Feist, of a son.

JOHNSON.—On Dec. 30, at Charlton House, Addiscombe, the wife of Mr. Bruce Johnson, junr., of a son.

LAWFORD.—On Christmas Day, at Leire, Lutterworth, the wife of Charles H. Lawford, of a son.

MARESCAUX.—On Dec. 20, at Newtown House, Kilkenny, the wife of Commander Gerald C. A. Marescaux, Royal Navy, H.M.S. Petreolus, of a son.

STEAD.—On Dec. 30, at Egham, Surrey, Somerset, the wife of Reginald J. Stead, of a daughter.

WHEATLEY.—On Dec. 31, at Gledholt, Heale, East Yorks, the wife of W. Reginald Wheatley, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

FLAVEL-PARKIN.—On Dec. 31, at St. Mary Abbot's, Kensington, by the Rev. Edward de Ever, Sidney Reginald Flavel, eldest son of Major and Mayoress of Leamington Spa, to Winifred Marion, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Parkin, of Denham and Epsworth.

NAPIER-SWEET.—On Dec. 30, at Sampford Arundell, Somerset, by the Rev. Canon F. Sweet, brother of the bride, and the Rev. E. Vaughan, Vicar, Henry Burroughes Napier, of Long Ashton, Somerset, to Florence Mary, third daughter of the late Rev. George Sweet and Mrs. Sweet, of Sandhill, Wellington, Somerset.

FORBAGE-RICHARDSON.—On Dec. 27, at St. Margaret's Church, Lowestoft, Frederick Forbage, Superintendent Public Works, Uganda Protectorate, to Anna Richardson, Nursing Sister, late Bradford.

WHYTE-TELLING.—On Dec. 31, at St. Matthew's, Denmark-hill, S.E., by the Rev. Dr. J. R. Porte, assisted by the Rev. H. A. Day, D.D., Fidel Blanche, third daughter of H. T. Telling, Esq., of Hill Lodge, Champaign-hill, S.E., to Archibald Joseph Whyte, Esq., of The Grove, Camberwell.

DEATHS.

FEARLEY-WHITTINGSTALL.—On Jan. 1, 1904, Major George Fearley-Whittingstall, late Captain 11th Lancers, in his 74th year.

GOING.—On Dec. 30, 1903, at his residence, Altrivilla, Chahr, County Tipperary, Alexander Going, aged 73 years.

GORDON.—On Dec. 29, at Bournemouth, Anna Matilda Gordon, widow of the late William Francis Gordon, J.P., of 85 St. John, Lichfield, aged 82.

NOK.—On Dec. 30, at 18, Lauder-road, W., Walter Frederick Nok.

SCOTT.—On Dec. 31, at his residence, 264, Camden-road, N.W., of acute pneumonia, John Scott, aged 66 years.

SILGO.—On Dec. 30, at 12, Westport House, Co. Mayo, John Thomas, 4th Marquis of Silgo, aged 79. No flowers.

NOTICES TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are:—
2, CARMELITE-STREET, LONDON, E.C.
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The Daily Mirror.

MONDAY, JANUARY 4, 1904.

TO-DAY'S REFLECTIONS.

"Satan Finds—"

No grievance in the German Empire can exist long without attracting the notice of the Emperor. Nor does he often fail, when once his notice has been attracted, to "say a few words." Sometimes he trounces the grievance-mongers, invokes Heaven to witness that he does his best for his subjects, and ends with an impressive warning that, if they do not behave better, a worse thing may happen to them. When the complaint seems to him to be well founded, he takes a very different line. He has never been in the habit of crying "Peace" where there is no peace. Nor is he ever afraid to speak out his mind at the risk of giving offence.

No doubt the little speech he has just made on the subject of the charges against the German army system will be a stumbling-block to many who believe in the policy of "letting things alone," and disregarding public opinion. But we cannot doubt either the need or the wisdom of the Emperor's exhortation to his officers to lead honourable lives, set a good example, and put down brutality amongst their men. When plays and novels are not only written but acted and published in the Fatherland, to show how immoral and idle are the officers and how cruel and vicious the sergeants, we may know that the state of the German army must be pretty bad.

Nor does the French army appear to be much better. A military writer in the "Gaulois," last week declared that the faults of the German system were unknown in France, where the relations between officers and men were founded on "reciprocal respect, esteem, and affection." Yet on the very day this appeared a Seine jury were trying to decide who was responsible for a book which described the French army as "a school of crime, vice, sloth, hypocrisy, and cowardice." This "Manuel du Soldat" is in wide circulation. It is no hole-and-corner publication. Quite a number of well-known journalists and members of Parliament have accepted responsibility for the advice to desert which it gives to the *piou-piou*, as the private soldier is nicknamed in France. This hardly carries out the contention of the writer in the "Gaulois" that all is as it should be in the army of the Republic.

The trouble both in France and in Germany is the same trouble which prevents the British Army from getting the best class of men for its officers. Armies nowadays have not enough to do. Long stay in a small provincial garrison is bound to bring forth a crop of evils both amongst officers and men. That "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do" is as true an aphorism as was ever set down. Active-minded men will not endure a round of merely trivial duties, which leaves them with far too much unoccupied time on their hands. Those who do not object to this

kind of career are the men who quickly degenerate. The only remedy would be to keep soldiers more fully employed, or else to employ them on the "half-time" principle, and give them opportunity to engage in other careers. It will certainly need more than "a few words" from the Kaiser to deal with such a deeply-rooted evil as this.

SOWERS OF STRIFE.

The "Times" seems to be anxious to stir up the British nation against Russia. Following up the Poet Laureate's mischievous attack on the Tsar (in feeble imitation of a Kipling metre), it published on Saturday a poem by a Mr. J. B. Fagan, remarkable for nothing but some very crabbled lines full of Japanese names, like "Hojo" and "Tokujawa," and for this verse at the end—

Brother, give me thy helping hand,
Brother, stand thou by me.
We are the vanguards of the land.
And the first-born of the free,
I in the East, as thou in the West,
We are twin—we are twin, and our
mother's breast
Is the civilising sea.

This is supposed to be Japan's address to England. But the "Times" and Mr. Fagan are very much mistaken if they suppose that England has any desire to give Japan "a helping hand." For us to be dragged into war over a quarrel not our own would be a disaster. It is Japan's opportunity, but we have no interest in the Far East sufficient to justify our attacking Russia, let alone the fact that the "helping hand" on our part would inevitably bring France into the struggle.

It is to be regretted, too, that the "Daily Telegraph" should be so set on sensationalism as to publish placards declaring that there is "no hope of peace." As a matter of fact, there always is hope of peace until war has actually broken out. It is necessary to take into account the leading features of the situation, as we did on Saturday; but to adopt the tactics of "yellow" journalism by striving to make people's flesh creep is a wide departure from the honourable traditions of the British Press.

"EXTRA" OR ORDINARY?

After the Opéra Comique fire in Paris the manager suffered severely at the hands of the law. An attempt is to be made in Chicago also to fix responsibility for the awful disaster of last week. A man who lost wife and three children in the flames has accused the proprietors of the theatre and the Building Commissioner who passed the plans with causing their deaths, and warrants on a charge of manslaughter have been issued against them.

Whether any precautions were not taken which might have saved the victims of the fire the proceedings will show. As we said at the time, the probability is that such a wild panic as broke out in the Iroquois Theatre would cause a catastrophe in the safest building in the world. However, there is, of course, no need on this account to neglect any precaution. That is clearly the view of the authorities in Chicago, who have closed no fewer than nineteen places of entertainment which are not provided with fireproof curtains. The accident which prevented the fireproof curtain from acting in the Iroquois Theatre is certainly no reason for regarding such safeguards as unnecessary.

The best suggestion we have seen for lessening the danger of a sudden alarm is that all theatres should be emptied every evening by the "extra exits," as well as the others. This would accustom people to the use of them, and, if ever it were necessary to get out quickly, they would know how to do it. The County Council should make a rule to this effect without delay.

CAIRO TO KHARTUM—FOUR DAYS.

The journey from Cairo to Khartum, extending over a distance of 1,335 miles, can now be made (our Cairo correspondent writes) in a little less than four days. The Sudan Government has organised an express steamer and train of luxe service between Assuan and Khartum. From Cairo to Assuan the Egyptian Railway Administration has a train de luxe service during the season, so that the journey from Cairo to Khartum can be effected most easily. A number of tourists intend visiting Khartum this season.

AN EXPENSIVE BOX ON THE EAR.

A farmer named Nader, living at Oberplan, near Eger, Bohemia, gave his servant girl so severe a box on the ear recently that the drum of the ear was broken. She sued him in consequence, and he was condemned to three days' imprisonment, and to pay the large sum of £1,190 compensation.

"No Water" and "No Salt."

THE LATEST DIET CRAZE, AND ITS IGNORANT ABSURDITY.

By A DOCTOR.

The crank we have always with us. He even has his own newspaper nowadays.

Perhaps as superfluous as any other is the food crank, the prophet of "dietetic reform," whose leading characteristic is his total ignorance of the elements of dietetics and the belief that what suits him necessarily suits other people.

The latest prophet, Herr Joseph Salomonson, like all other quacks, assures the public that his adherents "include several well-known physicians and scientists"—to quote a ladies' contemporary which announces his arrival in London and will venture to bring Herr Salomonson's views to the touchstone of ascertained facts.

His system is to take no salt or liquids, to work in the fields "mit nodings on"—or as near that as possible—and to sleep on the bare ground, from which are derived natural magnetic currents.

I don't want to appear superior; any intelligent schoolboy, even though he fell short of Macaulay's prodigy, could refute this gentleman's absurdities. But it may be interesting to know that the substances which Herr Joseph forbids are each cardinal necessities of life. Without a constantly renewed supply of them life cannot be maintained.

Why Do We Need Water?

It was really hard luck that he should have pitched upon essentials for his condemnation. Totally ignorant, he might—if there is anything in the law of averages—just as well have chanced upon oysters and watercress or something else that doesn't matter.

Fortunately, his disciples get water and salt in all the food they take; otherwise they would all be strictly historical personages.

We need water, because protoplasm—the "physical basis of life"—cannot exist without it. Its presence is necessary to hold in solution the salts and many other substances which are necessary for the life of every cell in the body.

We know that there can be no life—either of animal or plant—on the moon, because she has no water. Similarly astronomers are greatly interested in the discovery—just made—that there is almost certainly liquid water on Mars, which, therefore, possesses the first essential for the presence of life.

Not only do we need water, but we need a never-ending supply. Most of us take too little, as a matter of fact. At every breath we lose so much water to the air—as anyone can see in this weather—and the whole surface of our skins is performing the same function, in virtue of which the temperature of our bodies is kept constant.

The Value of Salt.

Hence the first sign of fever is the arrest of perspiration. Not only do we need water, then, but we need a circulation of it. Stagnant water in our bodies would soon become impure. If it is important to wash our skins with water, it is trebly important to wash our interior organs, upon which life depends, with this fluid, which is incessantly removing from our bodies the poisonous products of our muscular and other activities.

The sciences which contradict Herr Joseph on this point are astronomy, geology, biology, physiology, clinical medicine, and common-sense—which is only unconscious elementary science.

But poor Herr Joseph goes from bad to worse. He does his best—fortunately he cannot succeed—to prevent his followers from taking salt, unaware that without its presence in the body the most important constituents of the blood and of the muscles would instantly solidify, and the result would be more than an uncomfortable stiffness.

The result would be the rigidity of death. We take salt as a condiment, but that is a mere accident. It is in a totally different category from the true condiments.

A Chain of Fads.

It is, indeed, an indispensable constituent of protoplasm. That is why all rational and humane persons protest against the Italian salt tax—cruelly and blindly astute a Government to tax a thing that its people cannot do without—and why we all rejoiced when Lord George Hamilton recently reduced the Indian salt tax.

Herr Joseph considers salt the first link in a chain of evils, the next being the eating of flesh. To this point I must return in an article on vegetarianism. Two hundred years and more may we expect to live if we follow his advice!

But my purpose is achieved if, in criticising the ramblings of monomania, I have shown that salt is a vital necessity and not a mere condiment—no animal can survive for more than three weeks the exclusion of salt from its diet—and that water, the universal purifier, is as salutary within as without—and very much more so.

No arguments can convince a fanatic, but they may reduce the number of his followers.



THE OUTCASTS.

DOGS EVICTED WHEN THE LICENSE PAYMENT FALLS DUE.

In January licences fall due, and dogs are turned out to starve in the streets by people who cannot or will not pay the legal 7s. 6d.

The more humane man takes his unwanted pet to the Dogs' Home, pays one shilling to have it killed, and thus saves his conscience and six shillings and sixpence.

These are two statements made by Miss C. A. M. Bailey, of the National Canine Defence League, who published an appeal on Saturday.

The Tramp Dog.

The fate of these outcast dogs is not a thing one likes to think about. One may see them sometimes lurking about the streets. They are not pretty. Sometimes they howl at nights when, of course, they ought to bear their troubles without making a noise about them. Then people are very properly angry.

The police, who see many things, will sometimes tell stories that would worry people if they were published. I interviewed one constable, who was walking up and down the Embankment watching the unpicturesque human wrecks who were sitting on the iron seats. His duty was to see that no one illegally dozed on public property. If he found a man sleeping in defiance of the law he shook the offender, who blinked and apologised. One of these samples of the human by-product for which civilisation has found no use reminded my policeman of a story. He told it jerkily.

A Friend in Need.

He had seen a man slouching along with a bundle under his coat "very suspicious-like." He followed. Presently the man sat on a rain-soaked seat, and remained motionless, while the drizzle soaked into his worn-out coat. The policeman stepped on, doubtless Cleopatra's Needle, but "keepin' my eyes peeled."

The next time he passed the soaked figure was asleep. The policeman shook him gently and felt something move under the man's coat. Then with a feeble yelp an unkempt cur poked his ugly head out of an aperture that had once been a pocket.

The man looked "shamefaced like," and told a queer story, the heads of which were: Out of work, illness, hospital, recovery and streets again, dead wife, one drunken kick against fate, four days in gaol, evicted from workmen's dwellings, fourpence a night lodgings, then Embankment.

The dog's story was told by watery eyes, ribs as prominent as the bars of a grate, and

that such institutions are not for the purpose of supplying food for lancers. The same class believe that hospitals exist to supply inexperienced medical students with living people to cut up.

"And what happened in the end?" I asked. The policeman looked away. "I told him to move on," he said.

"But didn't you—?"

"One can't do much on our pay, and he



Friends in Misfortune.

wouldn't go to the workhouse—because they won't have no dogs there!"

He looked along the electric-lighted pavements and spoke gruffly to a man who was loitering by the cab-rank.

"But, couldn't you—?" I went on. "Well, there are always night coffee stalls," he snapped out.

"Then you—?" "Yes, but it didn't do him much good though. He was fished out of the river three days later, him and his dog."

I pursued my inquiries further, and learnt more. A coffee-stall keeper did not believe that people turned their dogs out of doors—the animals "never belonged to nobody." He admitted he had seen many at night who seemed to have had a bad time. "They don't come out much in the day," he said, "because they get kicked." At the Dogs' Home, at Battersea, stray dogs when found are sheltered and fed, and if they can be made to look well again are sometimes sold or given away to anyone who will offer them a comfortable home.

The hopeless cases are mercifully dispatched in the lethal chamber.

Perhaps that is the best thing that can happen to the unwanted.

A kindly Mr. Taylor, who lives in Montpelier-square, W., wrote to ask if he might place crates of burning coke on the Embankment at night for the homeless to warm themselves by.

This kind of thing is done in Paris and many other Continental towns, but the Commissioner of Police will not allow it in London. It might "lead to the congregation of undesirable persons on the Embankment."

COMING NEW PLAYS.

SEVERAL PRODUCTIONS DURING THE NEXT FEW WEEKS.

After a slack time that has lasted for many weeks the theatres are again promising us some new plays.

Next Saturday the Court produces "The Question," by "John Strange Winter" and another author, together with "Bohémios," a little French fantasy translated by Mr. John Davidson.

Then, on January 11, the series of matinées of "Swift and Vanessa" begins at the Royalty, closely followed both by "The Earl of Killiecrankie," Captain Marshall's new comedy at the Criterion, and by Mr. H. A. Jones's "Joseph Entangled," which is to succeed "Cousin Kate" at the Haymarket.

TEETOTAL ISLAND.

HOW THE UNEMPLOYED PROBLEM IS BEING DEALT WITH AT OSEA.

The Mansion House Unemployed Committee have already begun their work of sending men into the country to Hadleigh and Osea Island.

Hadleigh is a Salvation Army colony near Southend, where food and lodging are given to any able-bodied man who is willing to work. Able in the eyes of the colony means "willing." If a man is willing he does not lack opportunity.

Many of the inhabitants of the colony are sent each year by various London boards of guardians, who pay a fixed amount each week for their maintenance and supervision. The Mansion House Committee have arranged with the Salvation Army to take men at a fixed rate of 10s. a week.

Besides farming in the ordinary sense, the men are employed in market-gardening, poultry-farming, and bee-keeping. Brick-making also forms an important item in the resources of the Hadleigh Colony.

Osea Island, to which twenty-five men have already been sent, is an island in the Blackwater on the coast of Essex. It is separated from the mainland by about half a mile of water, and, though at present in an undeveloped state, the owner intends to turn Osea Island into a holiday resort.

Anxious to Work.

The men are employed in road construction and the levelling and filling of ditches and holes to improve the value of the land.

They are housed in a large wooden shed fitted with bunks like those on board ship, and warmed by stoves. In return for their work and the 10s. a week, the owner of Osea provides food, lodging, and the supervision of the work.

Another batch of about one hundred men are expected at Osea in a week or so, and five sheds in which to accommodate them are now being built.

While at Osea the men agree to be teetotalers, and the system has worked well. Of the first batch of twenty-five men, only three have broken this agreement, and decamped to the main land. Two were taken back, but the third, who had been violent and created a disturbance in the quiet village of Maldon, was dismissed.

While employed on this relief work, the men's wives are in receipt of 10s. a week, with a further allowance of 3s. for two children, and another shilling for each additional child.

Up to the present there has been no necessity to impose a work test, as all the men relieved have been only too anxious for employment which ensures the comparative comfort of their wives and children.

MORE SUGGESTIONS WANTED.

Taking a leaf out of the book of the *Daily Mirror*, Captain Basil Hood has started a suggestion competition.

Owing to the great success of "Little Hans Andersen" at the Adelphi, he has arranged to give a souvenir of his fairy play which shall particularly appeal to children. But he does not quite know what to give. He therefore wishes to invite the opinions of the children themselves as to the form which they would prefer such a souvenir to take.

Any suggestions addressed to him at the Adelphi Theatre by juvenile members of the matinee audiences will be duly considered.

President Roosevelt has received a personal cablegram from the Tsar conveying in felicitous terms his Majesty's greetings for the New Year.



To escape the 7/6 licence they take their dogs to the Home to be destroyed.

one paw pitifully held up while he limped on three legs.

"The sort of made friends with me," the man had said; "suppose the poor little fool thought I might give him something to eat."

"What are you going to do?" asked my policeman.

"Ask me another," said the man. "You might send him to a home."

"To be bloomin' well vivisected!" said the man. Nothing will ever convince this type of man



Under Arrest.

CHISWICK SOAP CO., LONDON. W.



The Drawing Room at Chatsworth.

BEAUTIFUL CHATSWORTH.

THE VISIT OF THE KING AND QUEEN TO-DAY.

The King and Queen, with Princess Victoria, attended by Miss Charlotte Knollys, Sir Dighton Probyn, Colonel Davidson, and Lord and Lady Knollys, will leave Sandringham for Chatsworth this afternoon by special train, which will arrive at Rowsley at five o'clock.

This will be the first time their Majesties have stayed with the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire since their accession to the throne. A royal visit is always a very ceremonious affair, as on these occasions the house is supposed to belong for the nonce to the royal visitors, of whom the master and mistress of the house are the guests. To-night on their arrival the King and Queen will go straight to their apartments, and will not appear again until just before dinner, which is served shortly before nine, when they will be escorted to the state drawing-room by the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, where the rest of the house-party have previously assembled.

A Restoration.

When Marshal Tallard, at the close of his detention in England after Blenheim, was bidding farewell to his host at Chatsworth, where he had been entertained prior to his departure, he said, "My Lord Duke, when I come hereafter to compute the time of my captivity in England, I shall leave out the days of my visit to Chatsworth."

Chatsworth has lost none of its glories, for since the present duke married the stately Duchess of Manchester, in 1892, he has made the world acknowledge the magnetic touch of the Duchesses of Devonshire, and her Grace has brought back society to the erstwhile dullness of the palaces of the Cavendish

family, has distinguished herself as a hostess, and restored the hospitality of the old days. Her house-parties—and she is practically never without one—are proverbial for their spirit and go, and the one that gathers to-day to meet their Majesties is not likely to prove any exception.

On three days of the visit there will be shooting parties in the park woods, and in the extensive preserves round Baslow, Beeley, Ashford, and Bakewell, where the King had such good sport when he spent a week at Chatsworth in January, 1901. The fourth day will be devoted to an excursion to Hardwick Hall, the Duke of Devonshire's interesting old

Duchess's guests. The last "Sovereign visit" to Chatsworth took place in 1843, when Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were the guests of the sixth Duke of Devonshire for a few days, and he gave her late Majesty a most magnificent reception. When Prince of Wales, the King visited the present Duke on several occasions.

The "Palace of the Peak" is the name by which the Duke of Devonshire's Derbyshire residence is locally known, and not only in its natural surroundings, but in its artistic equipment, it is worthy to be styled a palace. The house is situated in the valley of the Derwent, once a bleak and desolate neighbourhood, but judicious planting has so changed the aspect of the scenery that to-day it is beautiful and pleasant to the eyes. At the time of the Norman Conquest the Manor of Chatsworth belonged to the Crown. In the sixteenth century it was purchased by Sir William Cavendish, who pulled down the old hall, and in 1553 began the building of a "spacious, elegant house," which was completed by his widow, "Bess of Hardwick," afterwards Countess of Shrewsbury.

The fourth Earl of Devonshire and first Duke rebuilt Chatsworth on its present scale of magnificence, engaging in the work in order "to distract his mind from his country's ill." He accomplished the rebuilding of the mansion in princely fashion prior to 1688, and, after the revolution had mended "his country's ills," he, in a spirit of jubilation, completed the eastern front of Chatsworth, after which he rested for a period of seven years. He was a "canny" man this first

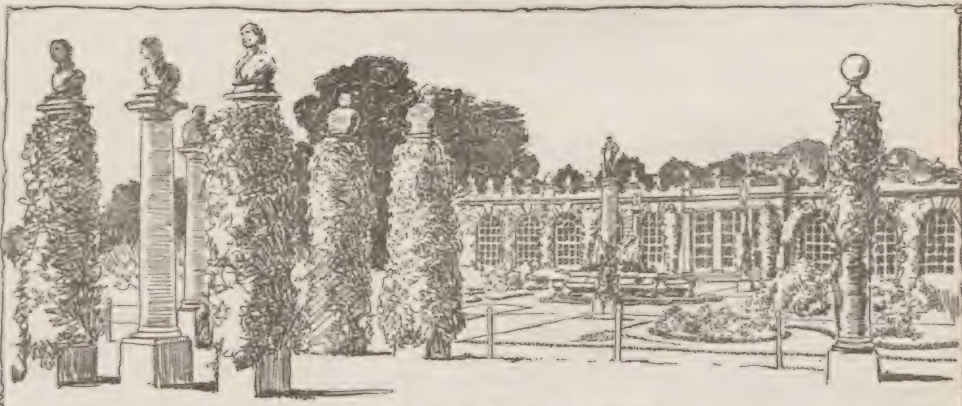
sent messengers to Derbyshire offering to mitigate the fine if paid at once.

The wily debtor, knowing full well the nature of the negotiations proceeding with



The Duchess of Devonshire. (Edward Hughes.

William of Orange, replied that if the King would allow a little more time he would choose to pay "double or quits" with him. In due time the revolution made James a fugitive, and the debtor was freed. Through



The Beautiful Italian Garden at Chatsworth.

seat on the other side of Chesterfield, where the King and Queen and the party from Chatsworth will lunch. On two nights during the week there will be amateur theatricals, always a standing amusement amongst the

Duke. One day in the Presence Chamber he struck Colonel Culppeper, who had trod upon his foot. The fine for this breach of etiquette was £20,000. He retired to Chatsworth, presumably to consider ways and means. James

his loyal adhesion to William of Orange, Chatsworth owes the Dutch style of its architecture.

The building was supervised by Sir Christopher Wren, and a north wing was added to the house by William Spencer, sixth Duke of Devonshire. So fascinated was Leigh Hunt by the personality of the last-named Duke, the noble and sympathetic patron of art and letters, that he entertained the idea of retiring to a cottage near Chatsworth, to devote his last years to the writing of a history of the Cavendish family.

There is little, if any, privacy in Chatsworth, for eighty-four thousand persons are computed to visit the house and grounds every year, visitors not being excluded even when the Duke and Duchess are in residence. Thus the great house can hardly be regarded as a home in some senses, and those who visit are well aware of the many devices which the rightful inhabitants are compelled to employ in order to escape the admiring and curious sightseer.

A King's Death-bed.

The interior of Chatsworth displays not only the finest specimens of Derbyshire marble in all its varieties, but many pillars, slabs, and tables in foreign marbles and porphyry. The exquisite carvings that decorate it throughout are the work of Grinling Gibbons. The great drawing-rooms are decorated and furnished in Louis Quatorze style, white and gold, and through these rooms is reached the library, the second of a long suite of rooms forming the east front, five hundred and sixty feet in length—pronounced the finest suite in Europe.

In the scarlet bedroom, one of the state apartments, is the bed on which George II. died. This, together with the Coronation chairs of George III. and Queen Charlotte, and of William IV. and Queen Adelaide, became the property of the respective dukes who were Lord Chamberlains of the Household at the various dates. Some of the state rooms are called Queen Mary's, because they contain the furniture of the rooms which were hers during her captivity under Lord Shrewsbury's guardianship.



Chatsworth's Famous Library, one of the finest rooms in the house the King will visit to-day.

Our Feuilleton.

Chance, the Juggler.

BY CORALIE STANTON AND HEATH HOSKEN.

(Authors of "BY RIGHT OF MARRIAGE.")

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Continued.

There was no one quite near them; the action was so hasty and yet gentle that it would have passed unnoticed even if there had been. Helen had heard the quaint and tender words of benediction somewhere, and now that her heart sought for something to say to this unsuspecting child of hers, they rose to her lips out of the buried memories of long ago.

Martia was strangely touched. There was no time to say anything, for the others joined them. Afterwards she remembered that, when she had left this place of feverish desires and chilled hearts to go straight out to the holocaust of her love and her faith, this new-found woman friend had sent her on her way with that phrase of tender blessing—"May you go with God!" And then she laughed, with mockery and bitterness inexpressible.

When they reached the station, to which Lord and Lady Leicester had accompanied them, before returning to their villa by automobile, they found quite a crowd on the platform, waiting for the train. Martia searched the whole length of the station, with hurried, anxious glances; but there was no sign of Philip.

The little child had given place to a great one, to a numb feeling of apprehension.

"I can't think what can be the matter," she murmured. "Can he have been robbed, or—?" Her voice failed her; her nerves were so unstrung that, habitually one of the most reserved of women, she could have cried.

It happened that Claudia Wayne stood beside her and heard her words, and she answered, reassuringly:—

"My dear Martia, I fully expect Captain Chesney is on the platform somewhere. It is impossible to distinguish people in this crush."

"He is not here," said Martia, dully. "I should see him; besides, he would be looking out for us. I—I think I will stay behind, Claudia, and go back to the Casino. Baron Stein von Wald may have made a mistake." Her voice shook with nervousness; she was white to the lips.

"I shouldn't do that," retorted Claudia, cheerfully; "you're bound to see him at Mentone; and, you know, Sir John might be uneasy."

Just then the train steamed in, and there was only time to exchange farewells with the Leicesters and scramble into a carriage.

Jacqueline chattered about her winnings and raved over the beauty and elegance of her new friend, the Princess Petronoff, whom she had seen for a few moments in the rooms; Martia made but few remarks, and Claudia watched her unobtrusively, with growing uneasiness in her heart.

Philip Chesney's conduct was certainly peculiar; no one could help noticing that. None of them had seen him leave the Casino, although the German had said that he had only just left when Martia inquired about him. There was no doubt in her mind that something had occurred just after Philip's return to mar the perfect understanding between him and his wife; but Martia's radiant face before they left Mentone that evening had assured her that the difference, whatever it might have been, was forgotten and buried. And since then the husband and wife had not seen each other. What then could possibly have happened? She was just then in a state of mind to apprehend with swift, intuitive sympathy any emotional crisis in another's life, and she knew without the telling that her friend's absent words and white face were not to be accounted for by any ordinary anxiety lest some untoward accident should have befallen the man she loved.

At Mentone Station there was again no sign of Philip, although they waited until everybody had left the train, and Jacqueline grew impatient and declared that she was catching cold.

They drove to the hotel in a cab. Martia was quite speechless now, and made no effort to hide her abstraction.

At the hotel she could hardly command her voice to ask the porter whether Captain Chesney had returned. The answer was in the negative. She went to her own rooms with a toneless good-night to the others. Even Jacqueline was impressed.

"I say," she whispered to her sister, "I'm afraid they've had a row. I do hope he didn't take any notice of all that chaff about the Colonel."

"Nonsense!" said Lady Claudia, sharply. "How can you be so absurd?"

Martia went to her own bed-room; she did not go to Sir John, although she knew that he would not be asleep; she simply could not. She felt incapable of any sustained effort, either of thought or conversation. This mys-

terious absence of Philip's had reduced her to a state of collapse; she did not know why. There must have been some presence of catastrophe in her mind; but she did not actually feel it; she was dull, dazed, wounded, as if she had been beaten with rods.

Something had happened; she could not guess what. Had he repented of his reconciliation? Had the demon of jealousy gripped him again? Had he given way to it against his will, his judgment, his reason? It was a disease, she knew, a mania; he was not accountable for what he did under its dominion, and she could pity him. Perhaps he was fighting it now; perhaps he had gone away into the beautiful starlit night to walk it down, to sweep it away, to fling it from him over the cliffs into the sea, treacherous and venomous as itself. If she could only pray, how she would have cried to Heaven to help him, to establish him firmly once more in his unassailable faith in her. But her heart seemed dead within her, and her limbs were weighed with lead, and her head burned with slow, smouldering fires.

She did not undress; she removed her hat and coat and sat down in an arm-chair, and took up a book and tried to read. From sheer habit she lit a cigarette, but she forgot it immediately, and it burnt itself out on the marble mantelshelf, sending up slender spirals of blue smoke.

She could not read, she could only sit and wonder how long this was to last, and whether she could bear the agony of it, if it did last.

No foreknowledge, however dim, of what had really happened ever crept into her mind. Therefore, when about two hours afterwards Philip opened the door that led from the dressing-room into her bed-room, she looked up calmly and without any fear in her face. Possibly that drove him mad.

He did not look particularly excited; only his eyes gleamed. The devils that had possessed him he had not cast out, but had ranged in order in his soul and ticketed with names; Reason he called one, and Justice another, and Honour a third, and so on, names by which the devils would doubtless not have recognised themselves.

His voice was calm enough; therefore, his first words sounded all the more startling.

"You may thank God that you are awake," he said. "If you had been asleep, I think I should have killed you where you lay!"

She rose to her feet, and her book dropped to the floor. Through the dazed, coma-like state of her brain, caused by sitting motionless for hours, his words struck with an unnaturally fantastic effect.

CHAPTER XL.

"You have come back," said Martia. Her voice was natural and self-contained. She could not think that she was really alive, that that was Philip over there, and this was she, Martia, his wife. She saw herself and him as in perspective, miles and miles away; they were puppets pulled by strings. What was that he said about killing her? She put her hands instinctively to her throat. It was in the play, of course. It was not the puppet who said it, but the person who pulled the string.

"I walked," said Philip. "Ah—why did you not come by train?" It didn't seem to matter what she said; it was all in the play.

"The train goes too fast," he answered. "I didn't want to get here too soon. If I had gone too fast, I might have done something—too soon."

Suddenly the feeling of strangeness, of distance, vanished. Martia woke up; her brain began to work again normally. This was really Philip, really she, Martia, his wife; they were standing in her bed-room in the hotel. Philip's face was white as paper; his voice was a studied insult, and his fingers seemed to be itching to kill.

"I don't think I understand you," she said. Her own voice was cold as ice.

"No?" His handsome mouth was distorted by a sneer. "The fact is, I find it difficult to explain."

There came to her a sudden, irrelevant vision. She saw two people chained to one another crouching opposite to each other and watching the lingering death of love. They looked hideous; they were Philip and herself. To think that they two who had known the fulness of bliss should have gone so far astray! But memory said nothing to her just then. The tone of his voice, the venomous insult of his glance, had frozen her—frozen in her the womanhood and the wifehood—and left her an automaton with a brain, with a native haughtiness, with a frenzied desire to give him back blow for blow.

Philip's next words fell on a tense silence; they were low and distinct and contemptuous; and it is no exaggeration to say that when she heard them something died in her that all through the rest of her days never woke to life again.

"How is a man to speak to a woman like you?" he said. "I am not clever; I have only blunt words. I don't want to shock your ears, which I have always found very sensitive, so I find it difficult to express myself. But, of course, you will understand; you are very clever"—his voice suddenly went down into his throat—"so clever that you have fooled me absolutely and made my name a byword while I thought you a saint—so clever that, while you played your game you kept me in a fool's paradise and managed to hoodwink

the world, and left it to a drunken boy to tell me, that most pitiable of comic characters, the unsuspecting husband, as if it were a joke, that he saw you coming out of your lover's rooms one night."

Martia gave a little gasp, as of a person who suddenly plunges into a cold bath. Then the last vestige of mental dulness left her and her brain became suddenly abnormally clear. Philip's words braced her as a chill wind might have done, as the breaking over her of an icy wave. His words were monstrous. At first they also seemed irrefutable; but for the moment she had the advantage, because he was in a state of frenzy, and she was calm, inexplicably calm. Instinctively she knew that she must gain time. She was utterly in the dark, she only knew that somehow that boy's recognition of her had gone abroad, and that it had come to Philip's ears that she had been seen leaving Colonel Joscelyn's chambers in the Albany one night. One word might precipitate them all headlong to destruction, herself and Philip and the Colonel as well. She stood stiff and silent, waiting for him to continue.

But he did not. He glared at her like a madman; his self-control was fast leaving him. Then her voice fell coldly on the silence.

"Surely, you forget yourself!"

"How dare you," he cried, hoarsely, "stand there, looking the picture of injured innocence? Have you no decent feeling at all? Can you not feel shame? Does it amuse you to think that you have made my name a byword, that men are laughing at me now behind my back, and making light of you?"

She caught her breath. So it had been public. And then in a flash she understood. There had been something strange in Baron Stein von Wald's manner when she spoke to him. He had said that Philip had just gone. So he and other men had been with her husband when the boy's story was told.

"Can you deny it?" he went on. His voice was thick, his eyes were bloodshot; but she did not flinch from their infuriated gaze. "Will you dare deny that you were in Colonel Joscelyn's rooms in the Albany one night?"

"You seem to have left no room in your mind for doubt," she answered.

"What night was it?"

She saw the unskillful attempt to catch her, to take her off her guard, and she looked at him with contempt.

"You speak in riddles. How should I know?"

He flushed hotly; a sort of confusion mingled with the blazing passion in his eyes. His voice dropped and became unsteady.

"He said he saw you—he spoke in all good faith; he didn't know whom he was speaking to. He saw you come out of the door and pointed to you, and said he'd seen you come out of Joscelyn's rooms and took you for his wife, and then he introduced to you and called you—Mrs. Joscelyn. It was a joke to him—he'd had too much to drink, he was excited—good God!" He groaned aloud, leaning against the mantelshelf and burying his face in his hands. He was really much to be pitied. Like most men of his class, intensely reserved and intensely sensitive, cursed into the bargain by the demon of jealousy, he had been intolerably wounded, not in his softer feelings—for they were in abeyance for the moment—but in his pride and honour; and if he confused his honour with his self-love, he must be forgiven, for he was not the first to fail in that very subtle distinction, the period of great mental stress. Above all, the unforgivable sin had been committed against him—he had been made ridiculous.

"How did you receive this—slander?" asked Martia, deliberately. She spoke under compulsion from some power that she did not understand. She was fearfully cold; and the calm that surrounded her was awesome, as if she were passing into another world. "What did you say or do to this person? Did you challenge him, or force him to eat his words?"

Philip looked up. Her slow, incisive speech, her composed face forced him to wonder, almost to unwilling admiration. He had come back to pulverise her with his righteous wrath, and she was interrogating him like a judge!

"I—came away—" he said.

"So much trust you had in me that, when a man publicly took away my fair name, you allowed him to go unchallenged. You said no word; you tacitly admitted that you could not deny the charge?"

"My God!" he muttered, hoarsely, "if I had done anything I should have killed them all. I was mad. I thought of everything those fools here said; I thought of you driving with a man and taking presents from him; of your being constantly in his male room for months while I was in India, and never mentioning him once when you wrote. I—oh, I admit I ought to have knocked the boy down!"

"Even if you believed it, as you seem to have done, you might have shown fight—in a public place, in the hearing of other men," she said, with quiet scorn.

He strode up to her and caught her wrist roughly. A wave of blinding fury overwhelmed him. He found himself apologising, blaming himself to this woman who had desecrated his hearth and besmirched his name. All the arrogance of the male rose up within him, secure in his centuries of dominion, holding it as his divine right to rule over women and bind them with chains, and dictate to them their thoughts, their conscience, and their behaviour. In that moment Philip Chesney's soul dropped back through the ages into savagery, and he would have held it right and just to strike down the woman where she stood.

To be continued.

MARSHALL AND SNELGROVE.

THE WINTER SALE

Begins

THIS DAY,

And will continue for
FOUR WEEKS.

VERY ADVANTAGEOUS PURCHASES
CAN BE MADE IN ALL
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ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES FREE
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COMMENCES TO-DAY.
when all Millinery will be reduced to Half Price.
Scented Veils reduced to 1/2 each, post free. Millinery
will be sent on Approval during Sale on receipt of
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CHARMING TOUCH of New, Effective Cloth, with
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The Highest Novelties in
BLOUSES, CHEMISETTES,
FANCY LINEN.

"AU ROYAL POINSETTIA."
TRICHARD.
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The new volume for 1904 is nearly
double the size of its predecessor, and
contains a stupendous amount of
information, admirably arranged and
indexed. It is the sort of book that
one wants to refer to a dozen times
a day.—"THE LADY."

"DAILY MAIL" YEAR BOOK

For 1904.

1/6 at all Booksellers.

THE NEXT INSTALMENT OF MR. ANTHONY HOPE'S STORY "DOUBLE HARNESS" WILL APPEAR ON WEDNESDAY.

THE HOME DRESSMAKER.

By MRS. JACK MAY.

RARE OPPORTUNITIES OFFERED BY THE SALES.

Now is the home dressmaker in her element. The sales are as fascinating and profitable as can be, almost giving their treasures wholesale instead of demanding payment for them, and the weather is dull enough to make long mornings spent over the sewing machine a positive pleasure.

For these reasons and the ever potent one of thriftiness a dissertation upon home dressmaking is seasonable indeed, and the charming blouse models illustrated on this page, one a morning affair, the other smart enough for evening festivities or the Riviera trowseau, are introduced as suggestions to the woman who presides over her own outfitting department.

The Blouse Shops.

In view of the amazing number of blouse shops that abound, it is a remarkable fact that the supply of originally-devised shirts seldom comes up to the demand. No matter how slight a variation of detail is made it suffices to stamp the model privileged to possess it as a distinctive success and immediately desirable, under which head I think we may take it the design shown in the first column is deservedly to be classed.

Delaines, in their latter-day approved form, hold a particular claim in the cause of these simple shirts, many qualities of which boast an effective satin stripe in addition to the spotted effects. Although undeniably ephemeral there is no question but that a white or a delicate sulphur ground with coloured spots upon it is the pleasantest choice. In plying suggestion, the collar of soft satin accentuating the colour note together with the pliable leather band, perhaps ivory and old rose to be definite, since the belts in the latter tint are to be counted among the most desirable details of the immediate moment.

An Original Touch.

In respect of the constructive outlines of the shirt itself there remains little to explain. The picture speaks for itself, a clearly original touch being imparted by the broad shoulder pieces, dividing at the top of the arm into the mitred pattern, held down by fancy silk embroidered buttons.

For the convenient threading of the long ends horizontal slits with buttonhole stitch are introduced at intervals down the front fold, beneath which an invisible entrance of small pearl buttons and loops is effected.

Quantity of wide single width material 4 yards. Flat pattern, 64d.; tacked up, including flat, 1s. 64d.

The delightful coat that graces the centre of these columns is one of the ready-made bargains for which a keen outlook should be kept, though, nothing daunted, the home dressmaker may attack it if she will.

For it is made, not as may be supposed, of chinchilla, that desperately expensive fur, but of the new plush which so closely resembles it that it may be worn with every satisfaction. Trimmings of real fur are frequently given to these clever imitations, and in the case illus-

trated ermine adorns the collar and wrists, augmented by showers of cream lace, always the accompaniment par excellence to chinchilla.

A seasonable source of speculation at this time of the year, when so many turn their faces southwards in search of sun and warmth, is the high, clear neck slip. It is always preferable, of course, in black, as that leaves one free to play variations in the shape of coloured waist-belts, floral sprays, and the like; so the shirt of the third column may be made of plissé mousseline de soie, crêpe de Chine, taffeta, or mousseline velours.

Now this daintiest of dainty confections is a mingling of spotted black net and Chantilly lace with bébé ruches of taffeta run three times round the deep, graceful berthe. The latter, as the sketch denotes, is set on beneath a long-shouldered chemisette of the lace, which is depicted as of bold medallion design, and is invested with a delightfully softened appearance by being laid over a veiling of white



Fascinating
Black Net
Model,
Trimmed
with
Chantilly
Lace.



Coat of
Chin-
chilla
Plush,
with Real
Ermine
Collar
and
Cuffs.

unique. For this business has been worked up throughout on a thoroughly practical basis, and no woman who has once wended her way up those few stairs ever fails to go again, one visit there sufficing to reveal that, from the simplest purchase upwards, every article is stamped by the hallmark of individuality and good taste.

Fans are among his particular idiosyncracies, and Mr. Gregg frequently holds special views of collections gathered together after long and serious research, comprising the best examples of both modern and antique efforts, many of the modern fans being especially designed and executed by that renowned fan artist, Vinot. But the tendency throughout here is to be of a distinctly fastidious order, a condition that is rendered cleverly compatible with really moderate prices. The address, 92, New Bond-street, deserves to be noted in every woman's diary.

MESSRS. NORMAN AND STACEY.

We all pin our hopes for some time beforehand on a chance of some bargains in wearing apparel at this season; but a sale of furniture comes more or less as a surprise, and a particularly welcome one when it means the reduction of some of the beautiful and artistic furniture for which Norman and Stacey, of Tottenham Court-road, are so justly famous.

There is a craving for something nowadays entirely out of the common, and here we shall be sure to find it, for the celebrity of the firm rests not only on the excellence of its goods but on the exclusiveness and originality of their design.

Everybody is anxious, either at once or by degrees, to get rid of household white elephants, purchased when public taste was at a much lower standard of artistic merit, and to replace them by the elegant and quaint furniture which can be purchased at this house, and for five days, beginning with to-day, that chance is theirs, at greatly reduced rates.

Just think, then, of their charming bedroom suites reduced to prices which begin at £5 10s., while a bureau—that most delightful and much sought after version of the writing-table, without which no room seems complete nowadays—may be bought for the inconsiderable sum of £3 15s.

"DAILY MIRROR" PAPER PATTERN DEPARTMENT.

Any numbered designs on this page can be obtained at the Paper Pattern Department, "Daily Mirror" Offices, Carmelite House, Carmelite Street, London, E.C. All applications to include the number and the price of the pattern or patterns. The patterns will be cut, in the case of adults, in the medium size only. When the patterns are for children, the age of the child will always be stated. All amounts of 6d., or over, should be sent by means of postal order. Foreign Stamps cannot be accepted in payment for patterns. In every case ordered patterns are dispatched at the earliest possible moment.

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BUREAUS	"	3	15	0
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SIDEBOARDS	"	6	10	0

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in the world like it.

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the MOST BEAUTIFUL
MAGAZINE in the World,

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It is quicker than BRUSHING
and ever so much more lasting.

You push the Bissell easily to and fro—as it
moves it sweeps—as it sweeps it gathers—as it gathers
the work is DONE.

There is no effort, no
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17/6.



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Keeps Warmth Inside.



A
Charm-
ing
Little
Blouse
for
Morning
Wear.

BARGAINS IN PLENTY.

GLOVES AND HOSIERY AT
GREGG'S IN BOND STREET.

In these days of what has been termed blatant advertisement, where the display of goods enclosed in an acreage of plate-glass window practically represents the whole stock-in-trade, one is immediately impressed by the quiet conviction of such a specialist as Mr. Gregg, who pursues the even tenour of a more than usually successful way on the first floor of 92, New Bond-street.

As a specialist in gloves and hosiery he has a world-wide reputation, having maintained an excellence in both these goods that is almost

chiffon, the long, close cuffs being similarly treated.

The bouffants above the cuffs are of the simplest order, the fullness tucked into some semblance of form at the top, and mounted on a close-fitting foundation of plain black net. The fullness of the blouse at the waist is held in position by a ribbon, to which the front is permanently attached with a full pouching effect.

Quantity of double width net, four yards. Lace, approximately 14 yards. Flat pattern, 64d.; tacked up, including flat, 1s. 64d.



READERS' PARLIAMENT.

"SCANDALOUS" CHARITY.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

I think it "scandalous" that anyone can be found to object to the sum of £130 being raised for the poor woman struggling to support her family by making trousers at six farthings the pair.

After buying "all things necessary to her comfort," the remainder might well have been invested for her. It would make her life a little less hard to feel that her children's bread did not depend entirely on her own health and strength.

A sum which put out at interest would bring in barely 2s. a week is certainly not more than the case requires. The diversion of money, supplied by the public for a special purpose, into another channel is a thing to be avoided. It is to be hoped that the words used and the action taken will not have the chilling effect on the warm-hearted and generous that they seem calculated to produce.

F. E. MARRIOTT.

Greetwell-road, Lincoln.

A MAGISTRATE PROTESTS.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

The action of the chairman of the Brentford Bench was certainly ultra vires, and one is almost inclined to think that your heading in inverted commas is intended to apply to his decision.

In the hope that you may introduce the poor woman to a solicitor who will take the necessary steps to enable her to obtain what clearly belongs to her I write to say that I shall be most happy to send my mite towards the sines of war.

The sum was sufficient to give the poor woman a decent start in life.

ANOTHER MAGISTRATE.

THE BATTLE OF THE BOOKS.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

The particulars you give as to the numbers of books published by different nations have an importance which is not generally appreciated.

We Britishers as a nation have grown to believe that, when in time the whole world shall speak only one language, that language will be English. The lack of scientific books published in England points to an opposite conclusion.

The novel may be an excellent thing in its way, but the scientific work is of more actual value to humanity. No language will be preserved for the sake of its novels, but no language will be allowed to die so long as valuable scientific works are produced in it.

Unless we can produce something of more lasting value than "Problem Novels" and "Adventure Stories" we have little claim to existence as a language.

IMPERIALIST.

St. John's Wood.

ARE WOMEN MEAN?

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

I notice that the "Spectator" has published a defence of women's meanness in regard to money. The canny instinct is admitted, but its origin is attributed to the fact that women have for years been trustees of money. They have been the spenders of other people's hard-earned wages, and the argument of the writer is that their carefulness is justifiable.

Is meanness ever justifiable? You cannot be mean with what does not belong to you or with what is merely entrusted to your care. Either women are mean or are not mean. If this writer is correct, they are not mean, but who cannot recall hundreds of instances of paltry, yes, even contemptible, economies on the part of the fair sex?

Birmingham.

JOHN WARDLE.

GERMAN CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

Your leader on "Nations and their Books" congratulates our German neighbours on their prolific production of children's stories during the past year. If these new works in any way resemble the nursery classics which were the terror of my youthful days we have rather a cause for regret than congratulation.

It is impossible to understand how people in these enlightened days can deliberately issue a new edition of that book of horrors "Strewel Peter." The burnings and drownings and starvings which take place therein must either encourage a morbid craving for sensational literature, or, as in my case, inspire a gruesome dread which extends into after life, and actually causes the sight of the covers of the new edition to send a cold shiver down my back.

The immortal works of Hans Andersen are equally morbid; whereas Grimm's fairy tales have either no moral at all or a bad one, besides including among their number that positively disgusting narrative of the girl in the robber's den, into which another maiden is dragged to have her finger chopped off for the easier acquisition of a ring. One might as well present children with newspaper accounts of the Macedonian atrocities.

If the modern productions are on the lines of these horrible stories all I can say is that I sincerely trust none of them will be translated into nightmares for English children.

LILIAN JOY.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

I am a Russian engaged in business in London, and after the denunciations of Russia's action in the Far East, while England was occupied by the Boer war, I am rather amused to see that the chivalrous Britisher is playing the same old game just now.

Russia is occupied with Japan, i.e., is ready to give the little upstart nation a salutary lesson. So England rushes forward the advance into Tibet.

It is smart policy doubtless, but surely after this we should hear less of "unscrupulous Russian methods."

A. MICHELES.

HONORIA'S LATEST HOBBY.

HOW THE FASCINATIONS OF MAKING BEAD BAGS HAVE CAPTURED HER.

The sign of the bead is again in the ascendant, and I spend all the before-lunch and all my free after-dinner hours in bead-bagging or bag-beading—call it what you will, its delights remain the same. But for the treachery of la Cousine, I might never have realised the joys of these fascinating, old-world, altogether rapturous treasures. It happened like this.

Scene.—My own particular den. Myself discovered by the fireside, huddled into an unsightly muffled-up heap of enheumed misery. To me enters with a rush la Cousine in a state of suppressed excitement, which she vainly tries to conceal beneath an obviously faked-up air of the tenderest solicitude regarding my afflicted self.

"My poor Honoria!" "You pathetic dear!"

Thus and thus la Cousine, while her eyes roved restlessly round the room.

When she administers honey in doses of this magnitude, let the patient look to it that she be not cajoled into exchanging her best hat for some worthless bit of antique finery.

A Thoughtless Gift.

Antique! The word brings me back to la Cousine's cupidity. She was evidently seeking what she might devour, and, feeble though I was, I braced myself to defend my Dresden dog or my precious Battersea patch-box with my last breath. La Cousine's appetite for Battersea enamel commenced, curiously enough, the very day after I secured that duck of a boxlet at—but let me be prudent; she might see this.

At last it came out—so "carelesslike" that the poor afflicted invalid fell plump into the trap. "Those bead-chains, Honoria—you used to have dozens of them; you threaded beads for weeks on end two summers ago. If you are quite sure, dear, you don't want them, might I have a few, just one or two?"

I gave them all to her—three boxes full, an old brocaded satin bag with fringes of steel and crystal beads. She clutched her ill-gotten gains and departed with such indecent haste that my sleeping suspicions were aroused.

Half an hour later Alicia came in, swinging from her hand a bag of bags, the funniest, most enchanting of cross-stitch patterns, a shepherdess with a crook and a windmill; all most distractingly impossible, in gaudy-hued beads on a background of cut steel ones.

The Latest Fad.

"Just bought at the Secret Source" (la Cousine gave the shop this name; as well she might, for wild horses should not drag from Alicia or me the secret of its whereabouts). "Belinda's was the first I saw; she made hers herself, an exact copy of her great-great-grandmother's bag, and lined with brocaded satin. It is the easiest thing in the world. You do it on canvas, just like those appalling kettle-holders we wept over in the nursery. That Whittington girl—you know, Honoria, the one with the red hair—has a patent little loom-thing, and she weaves the most fetching little patterns on it. Everybody is bead-bagging; if I had time—"

Time is the one commodity Alicia does not possess.

"If you only had some beads, I would leave you this bag, dearest, till to-morrow, and you could copy it. The little pink tree with the purple lambkin underneath is too sweet for words, don't you think, Honoria, and the crystal and steel fringe is just perfect. I

thought of la Cousine, engaged at that very moment without doubt on a purple lamb and glittering fringe, rent from my brocaded bag, and the bereft and beadless, wrapped in flannels, limp and weak, a fit subject for her machinations. "I have been cozened, Alicia," I cried, "foolly cozened. Of course, it is la Cousine; do you see the jest?" I laughed bitterly. "No!" and I flung off my shawls. "Bead bags are the one and only thing worth living for."

We made a desperate attempt to run la Cousine to earth, but she had vanished, stolen goods and all, so Alicia and I spent the rest of the morning at the Secret Source, where I bought my experience by the spoonful—I adore buying beads measured out in a silver Queen Anne caddy spoon—and I am hard at work on a bag infinitely superior to Alicia's, done in the teeniest of opaque beads; wee red roses and still weniener leaves on a ground of pearly opal beads. It looks as though it were copied from my great-great-grandamma's waist ribbon, and is seriously and really a thing to live for.

THE WOMAN'S LIBRARY.

A COMPENDIUM OF USEFUL HINTS.

Housewifery is becoming a cult again among women, who are emulating their great-grandmothers in the strife for the laurels of domesticity. Hence the Woman's Library, which is being published at 8s. net each volume by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, comes in the good moment.

"Education" by Miss Janet Hogarth, is the first paper in the first volume, and it is followed by a practical article on teaching as a profession for women, by Beatrice Orange. Mrs. Jopling's paper on the education of the artistic faculty follows, and maintains the balance of good common-sense and excellent literary skill that characterises the other articles. Miss Billington writes about journalism for women, and Mrs. Kendal upon the stage as a profession, following which enlightening themes are papers by Dr. Ethel Lamport, Margaret H. Irwin, and Margaret Armour, upon the subjects of medicine and factory and sanitary inspectorships.

All the foregoing subjects are bound together in one volume, and are not illustrated. But in cases where pictorial aid is useful it is forthcoming. In the second volume, for example, embroidery, by Miss Ruth M. Day, and knitting and crochet, by Mrs. and Miss Turnbull, are copiously illustrated, and the same illuminative help to understanding is given as an adjunct to such subjects as market-gardening, poultry-keeping and dairying, themes massed together under the title "The Lighter Branches of Agriculture," which Miss Edith Bradley and Bertha La Mothe have compiled, aided by an introduction by Lady Warwick, who certainly speaks with authority on these subjects.

One whole volume is very properly devoted to the nursery and the sick room, and another to furniture and decoration and the kindred home arts, such as spinning and weaving, by Miss Clive Bayley; bookbinding, by Ethel M. McKenna, the editor of the set; and enamelling, by Elinor Hallé.

Mrs. Alfred Praga is responsible for a whole volume on her subjects, cookery and house-keeping, in which a series of capital and practical hints are given upon nursery cookery, proof positive of the importance that is very rightly attached to the menus of the rising generation.

The series is excellent as a compendium of reference as well as a resource for reading's sake, and admirably are the women builders of the library succeeding in their efforts.



The Daily Time Saver.

THE DISH OF THE DAY.

NO. 53.—CHARLOTTE DE POMMES A LA LORRAINE.

By M. ANTOINE MOISY, Chef Kensington Palace Mansions Restaurant.

Peel and slice eight or ten good-sized apples and put them in an earthen or enamelled stewpan with a glass of good white wine, the peel of half a lemon, and four ounces of sugar. Cover, and let the apples stew soft in their own steam, stirring occasionally that they may not burn. Soak an ounce of gelatine in cold water and let it simmer with the apples till dissolved, then pass the whole through a sieve. When nearly cold taste if it be sweet enough. Stir in half a pint of whipped cream and four whites of eggs whisked to a stiff froth. Have a plain charlotte mould ready which is lined with finger biscuits or slices of genoise, and fill it with the above mixture. Allow it to set on the ice or any cool place, then turn out on a cold dish. Garnish the top with whipped cream.

MEMORANDA FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

The daily time-saver for housekeepers is intended to assist in the morning task of ordering the supplies for the day. Careful study of it will show that it has been so designed as to meet the requirements of those directing establishments conducted on a moderate scale of expense, as well as those on a grand scale.

The choice of dishes will be changed every day, and menus of any length can be easily drawn up from it. They were specially devised to suit the needs of large and small families.

The lists were corrected at the various London markets on Saturday evening.

A CHOICE OF DISHES.

BREAKFAST.

Fried Fillets of Plaice. "Bath Chaps." Savoury Omelet. Potted Lobster. Galloway Beef.

LUNCH.

Hare Soup. Cod Steaks, Shrimp Sauce. Macaroni à la Paysanne. Scallops of Pheasant. Rissoles. Indian Eggs. Grilled Steak à la Maitre d'Hotel. Victoria Pudding. Arrowroot Sauce. Stewed Figs and Cream.

COLD DISHES.

Chicken and Ham. Beef Salad. Raised Potted Pie.

TEA.

Hot Scones. Watercress Sandwiches. "Metz" Cake. Madeline Cakes. Genoa Cake.

DINNER.

Soups. Purée of Turnips. Clear Soup à la Bourgeoise.

FISH.

Red Mullet au Gratin. Steamed Whiting with Italian Sauce. Entrées.

Fried Sweetbread with Mushrooms. Fillets of Beef à la Rothschild.

GAME.

Chaudroid of Quails. Roast Wild Duck, Celery Salad.

ROASTS.

Fillet of Veal, Stuffed. Haunch of Mutton. Vegetables.

Celery Ramaquais. Mashed Potatoes.

DESSERTS.

Duchess Pudding. Rhubarb Tart with Devonshire Cream. Savouries.

"Stuffed Olives." Bonny Toasts. Neselrode Pudding.

Recipes of all the dishes marked on this list with asterisks are given on this page.

SIMPLE DISHES.

No. 193.—STUFFED OLIVES.

INGREDIENTS.—Rounds of bread, olives, anchovy paste, anchovy butter, dry sherry, capers. For the anchovy butter—Two ounces of fresh butter, two large anchovies, half a teaspoonful of lemon juice, a dust of cayenne.

Put the butter on a plate. Dip the anchovies into boiling water, and wipe them. Take out the backbone, and rub the flesh through a sieve; add the pulp to the butter, with the lemon juice and cayenne. Work all well together with a knife. If the colour is not deep enough, add a few drops of anchovy essence. Now cut some small rounds of bread, and fry them a nice golden brown in butter. Let them cool. Carefully remove the stones from the olives. Spread a thin layer of anchovy paste on each crock. Place an olive on the top. Fill in the centre of each olive with the anchovy butter, and put a border round of the same. Put a tiny sprig of chervil on the top of each. Serve cold on a fancy paper.

Cost 1s. 4d. for eight portions.

No. 194.—METZ CAKE.

INGREDIENTS.—Three quarters of a pound of flour, half a pound of butter, half a pound of castor sugar, one lemon, quarter of a pound of glacé cherries, the same of glacé figs, glacé apricots, and glacé red pears, one teaspoonful of baking-powder, five eggs, a little desiccated coconut. Line a cake-tin with three layers of greased paper. Whisk the butter and sugar to a light white cream. Break in the eggs one by one, beating in each one separately. Cut all the fruit up into four or five pieces, according to their size; mix these with the grated rind of the lemon. Mix and sieve the flour and baking powder lightly, and add to the mixture. Add the fruit, but not the coconut. Mix well, but lightly. Put the mixture into the tin. Smooth it evenly on the top. Place in a quick oven for from five to eight minutes, then reduce the heat by lowering the gas, or by shutting the dampers, and bake for another ten minutes. On no account move this cake or bang the door till it is set, or the fruit will sink. Bake about one hour. Then try it with a skewer, and see on withdrawing if the skewer is clean and undimmed, if so it is done. Then brush the top lightly over with slightly whipped white of egg. Sprinkle with cocoanut. Put it back in the oven for about two minutes, just to set the egg.

Cost 4s.

PROVISIONS IN SEASON.

Fish.			
Cod.	Mackerel.	Whiting.	
Herrings.	Sprats.	Whitebait.	
Turbot.	Brill.	Dory.	
Lobsters.	Dublin Prawns.	Crabs.	
Oysters.	Prawns.		
Meat.			
Beef.	Pork.	Veal.	Mutton.
Poultry and Game.			
Plovers.	Partridges.	Pheasants.	
Hares.	Snipe.	Teal.	
Grouse.	Venison.	Wild Duck.	
Turkeys.	Ducks.	Geese.	
	Surrey Fowls.		
Vegetables.			
Seakale.	Scotch Kale.	Turnips.	
Asparagus.	Artichokes.	Cabbage.	
Celery.	Batavia.	Spinach.	
Salads.	Turnip Tops.	Sorrel.	

FRUIT IN SEASON.

Custard Apples.	Figs.	Oranges.
Melons.	Pears.	Pineapples.
Nuts of all kinds.		
Apples.	Limes.	Lychees.
Pomegranates.	Cranberries.	

FLOWERS IN SEASON.

Blossoms for the Table.		
Roses.	Mimosas.	Scarlet Anthuriums.
Auratum Lilies.	Red Lobelia.	
Maidenhair Fern.		
Smilax.	Variegated Leaves.	
Cat Flowers and Flowers in Pots.		
Harrisii Lilies.	Poinsettias.	
Heaths.	Palms.	Chrysanthemums.
Honesty.		

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Dress.

A BARGAIN—Walking Costume with bodice to match of grey sabbine, trimmed grey silk and black velvet. 30s. only. Write 2771, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

AFTERNOON Gown of navy blue poplin, trimmed velvet and Oriental gale; quite new to date; scarce; size 42. Write 2702, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

AFTERNOON House-Gown of grey-blue tulle, three circular bouffes on skirt, gathered silk yoke and bodice trimmings. 35s. Write 2601, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

AFTERNOON Gown of grey cloth; trimmed with salmon and fawn bands; latest style. 28s. 42s. Write 2699, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A N Attractive Evening Gown of white sequin net over silk; gathered hip yoke; handkerchief trimmed collar; 28s. 42s. 50s. Write 2696, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A N Elegant pale pink silk brocade Evening gown; plainly made; trimmed lovely old lace. 20s. 40s. 45s. Write 2695, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A N Elegant Model of Havana brown face cloth; lovely lace same colour; silk lined; 25s. 42s. 45s. Write 2749, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A N Elegant black silk velvet jacket, with handsome chinchilla collar and cuffs, bordered lining. 40s. 42s. 45s. Write 2750, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A N Elegant cream mousseline de sole high model; only 42s. Write 2713, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A N Exquisite black and white Parisian Gown, semi-evening; scarcely used; 25s. 42s. 45s. Write 2751, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BABY'S First Clothes—An exquisite layette of superfine long clothes, 21 guineas; complete fitting; approval; Madame Marion, Oak Villa, Colwick, Nottingham.

BABY'S long clothes; complete set; 40s. 42s. 45s. Write 2752, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BARGAIN—Beautiful broadtail sea Coat; lined silk; Bond-street make; never worn; 40s. 42s. 45s. Write 2753, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BARGAIN—Marmot Muff and long Necklet, with tails, 8s. 6d.; worth 60s.; caracul and Necklet, 9s.; approval—Beatrice, 6, Grafton-square, Clapham.

BARGAIN—New Sealskin Jacket; latest in shape; double-breasted; with revers, storm collar; 47 15s.; approval—B. B. 43s. Clapham-road.

BEAR Stole, real Russian; very full, rich and dark; worth 15s.; 16s. 6d.; worth 10s. 12s. 14s. 16s. 18s. 20s. 22s. 24s. 26s. 28s. 30s. 32s. 34s. 36s. 38s. 40s. 42s. 44s. 46s. 48s. 50s. 52s. 54s. 56s. 58s. 60s. 62s. 64s. 66s. 68s. 70s. 72s. 74s. 76s. 78s. 80s. 82s. 84s. 86s. 88s. 90s. 92s. 94s. 96s. 98s. 100s. 102s. 104s. 106s. 108s. 110s. 112s. 114s. 116s. 118s. 120s. 122s. 124s. 126s. 128s. 130s. 132s. 134s. 136s. 138s. 140s. 142s. 144s. 146s. 148s. 150s. 152s. 154s. 156s. 158s. 160s. 162s. 164s. 166s. 168s. 170s. 172s. 174s. 176s. 178s. 180s. 182s. 184s. 186s. 188s. 190s. 192s. 194s. 196s. 198s. 200s. 202s. 204s. 206s. 208s. 210s. 212s. 214s. 216s. 218s. 220s. 222s. 224s. 226s. 228s. 230s. 232s. 234s. 236s. 238s. 240s. 242s. 244s. 246s. 248s. 250s. 252s. 254s. 256s. 258s. 260s. 262s. 264s. 266s. 268s. 270s. 272s. 274s. 276s. 278s. 280s. 282s. 284s. 286s. 288s. 290s. 292s. 294s. 296s. 298s. 300s. 302s. 304s. 306s. 308s. 310s. 312s. 314s. 316s. 318s. 320s. 322s. 324s. 326s. 328s. 330s. 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